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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 151.—Vol. XII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, October 24, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MISS MADGE VINCENT

Who plays the part of Natin, the Princess's maid, in *Amasis*, Mr. Frederick Fenn's clever play at the New Theatre

No. 151.—Vol. XII.

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Wednesday, October 24, 1906

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"A Crystal Age." By W. H. Hudson. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Basket of Fate." By Sydney Pickering. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"Pitman's Dictionary of Commercial Correspondence in French, German, Spanish, and Italian." Part I. (Pitman: 2*d.*)

"Occasion's Forelock." By Violet A. Simpson. (Arnold: 6*s.*)

"Buchanan's Wife." By Justus Miles Forman. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"Italy of the Italians." By Helen Zimmern. (Pitman: 6*s.*)

"Hills and the Sea." By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Nelson's Lady Hamilton." By Hallam Moorhouse. (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"A Sailor's Garland." By John Masefield. (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Complete Photographer." By R. Child Bayley. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Durante and Selvaggia and Other Poems." By Kaufmann Spiers. (Nutt: 2*s.*)

"A Princess of Vascovy." By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Lady Evelyn." By Max Pemberton. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"A Revolutionary Princess." By Christina Belgiojoso-Trivulzio. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Psychology and Training of a Horse." By Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Stronger Power." By Q. L. F. Justyne. (The Globe Express: 6*s.*)

"The Miracle Worker." By Gerald Maxwell. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"The Earthquake." By W. Holt White. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

"The Song of Songs." By Sister Benvenuta of the Christ Child. (Grant Richards: 6*d.* and 1*s.* per vol.)

"The Bird in Song." (The Halycon Series.) By Robert Sirkert, (Grant Richards: 2*s.* net.)

"George Frederick Watts." By J. E. Phythian. (Grant Richards: 2*s.* net.)

"The Iron Gates." By Annie E. Holdsworth. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Rose of My Life." II. (Chiswick Press: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

THE BYSTANDER

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
October 24, 1906

The crux of the publishers' complaints against the *Times* Book Club seems to be that the B.C. has been used as an AD.

* * *

The Kaiser's rage over the Hohenlohe revelations is said to be absolutely indescribable. Those who know him best look for retaliatory action of the most ruthless nature. This is expected to take the form of an Imperial poem.

* * *

Surrey, says the *County Gentleman*, is simply London's large back garden. Exactly. Dorking its fowl-yard, the Ripley Road its "hog"-run, and Bisley its potting-house.

* * *

"New Story by Upton Sinclair inside," announces the *Novel Magazine*. A story by Mr. Sinclair that is not "inside," however, would be more of a novelty.

* * *

General Kuropatkin has, it is rumoured, been appointed Governor-General of the Caucasus, and the severity of his punishment, seeing that Rojdestvensky got off scot-free, and Stoessel was merely dismissed the Service, is freely commented upon.

In Russia

VISITOR: "Editor in?"
OFFICE BOY: "No, sir; he's away"
VISITOR: "When does his sentence expire?"

* * *

Poor Mr. Hicks has again had to appear at the Court Theatre (at Clerkenwell), but this kind of episode has its brighter side. It enables the public to Seymour Hicks.

[The above paragraph has slipped in through a printer's error. We have discharged him.—ED.]

* * *

Dr. Emil Reich said in the *Daily Mirror* recently—but does it matter what Dr. Emil Reich said in the *Daily Mirror* recently?

* * *

Two Definitions

Humour: The mustard of Life's dinner.
Wit: The olive.

* * *

The purser of the ss. *St. Paul* has established a record by crossing the Atlantic 900 times. Next voyage he hopes to beat it.

Society ladies find it difficult enough in all conscience to earn a living, and the recent opening of the "Eligible and Social Circle" for bachelors and spinsters at Hampstead is regarded as a most objectionable form of trade rivalry.

* * *

A novelty at the Carlton is the printing of "scenes" from the London theatres on the menu cards. One of the most piquant, we hear, represents Miss Kissy Starlight slapping the stage manager's face.

* * *

In the Elysian Fields the other day (writes Æsop) I saw two big dogs fighting over a piece of meat that apparently belonged to a timid little toy lap-dog. During the progress of the fight a long-haired terrier ran in between them and carried off the prize. From his lack of tail, I judged him to be a Manx dog.

* * *

Feminine Virility

LADY PRINCIPAL (*to applicant for post as teacher*): "Now, let me see. You are a B.A. and Inter. B.Sc., and have had five years' practical experience. Do anything in games?"

APPLICANT: "Oh, yes. I play chess, and can take a hand at whist, or——"

LADY PRINCIPAL: "Ah, but I mean *games*—golf, hockey, cricket, football, and so on. No? Then I'm afraid you won't do for us!"

The report published in some newspapers that a waterspout at Southend had flooded the cellars and prevented the issue of a Southend newspaper on Wednesday last is authoritatively denied. The journal duly appeared—as dry as usual.

* * *

THE SEAT OF MANNERS

(*A Paris expert states that no lady ever sits on the edge of a chair. She always sits in the middle.*)

Little maiden, with your eyes so round and blue,
I should very much have liked to marry you,
But this modern definition
Of a lady-like position
Seems to show that such a union wouldn't do.

You must know that, as a lady, you should sit,
In a manner that's conventional and fit,
In the *middle* of your chair,
But you impudently dare
To sit upon the very edge of it.

Now, in self-defence you'll tell me, I'll be bound,
That you've tried to sit more properly, but found,
That the laws you must defy
As, no matter how you try,
Your legs are much too short to reach the ground

So you cannot be my bride, as you must see,
Still to give you up I cannot quite agree;
As your age is only eight,
I must be content to wait,
And meanwhile you shall sit upon my knee.

Negotiating a Proposal

THE ART OF ADVERTISING UP-TO-DATE.

By B. M. HASTINGS

When Jack Allanson, son of the late Rev. Dr. Allanson (who lost money through not marrying twice), proposed through the post to the demure, eighteen-year-old Jessie Applestreet, he had little hope of a favourable reply, but he was not in the least prepared for the following amazing epistle :—

"Dear Jack,—The tone of your letter is a little overbearing, and even a little offensive. You insinuate that I lie between you and the deep sea. I know that I have been out three seasons, but a No. 3-shot girl doesn't do any chance shooting. I may have knocked you down in a previous season—my '05 dresses were intemperately inviting—but, if so, you ran, instead of lying like a good little bird. I'm sure I'm pretty enough to catch the man I want, but at the crucial moment I never have the heart to say 'Yes,' and spoil his career. Nora Dawson, for instance, enslaved young Stafforth, who was brilliant, painstaking, and good-tempered. If she had not secured him, he would most certainly have married the Boardman girl and become a Minister, or at least a big Consul. As it is, he is compelled to live in Italy, thanks to the baby's predisposition to croup. Whenever I see a girl with a hectic flush and bright eyes I feel sure that her possible offspring will be croupy, always providing she has not a wise mother who attends to the adequacy of her daughter's bodices.

Bungled Kisses

"You are in many ways desirable, Jack; but have you noticed that my voice is low and deep? Yours is pitched rather high. Think how we should irritate each other. Then when you tried to kiss me yesterday, you did it nervously, hurriedly, as if you wanted to get to the emotional part of the business as quickly as possible. Now that reveals—you must forgive my frankness—the true inwardness of your motives. Every bungled kiss is explained by an Overdue Instalment. When you were an undergraduate, you kissed easily and opportunely. That was because you had not then a care on your mind. Now you are getting older, your father did not leave the money you expected, you are anxious to marry a girl who can, at least, maintain herself. Please don't be angry. I, myself, never even consider a suitor as a possible husband unless I am confident that he has enough to keep himself. I don't expect him to keep me—that's old-fashioned. But I like to satisfy myself that I am not being embraced for the sake of the clothing and cigars I may supply later. I know that it is not the motive of *your* emotional displays, but, at the same time, if you were not fully aware that, as a married woman, I should be quite capable of supplying myself with the shoes and stockings, and frocks and frills, that you profess to find so alluring, you would be as bluntly *retroussé* as you are now acutely pushful. Is it not so?

Some Suggestions

"Now, I'll tell you what sort of girl you ought to marry. Above all, don't limit your choice to girls with money. You'll get so many refusals that you'll get a nasty nickname. Pick out, if possible, a girl in the first blush of innocence and the full flush of acumen—(turn up her pedigree!)—and pose before her as being too adroit to be caught. Her lack of money may easily be atoned for by her business capacity, which, by the way, is quite unavailing without innocence. Her inexperience will tempt her to overcome a comparatively unworthy fish just because he shows himself difficult to catch. When she's got you, she'll be a little regretful, but her innocence will assist her in making the best of a bad job. It doesn't sound very nice, but your proposal to me shows that you are sadly in need of enlightenment as regards the calibre of your future wife.

The Pre- and Post-Matrimonial Attitude

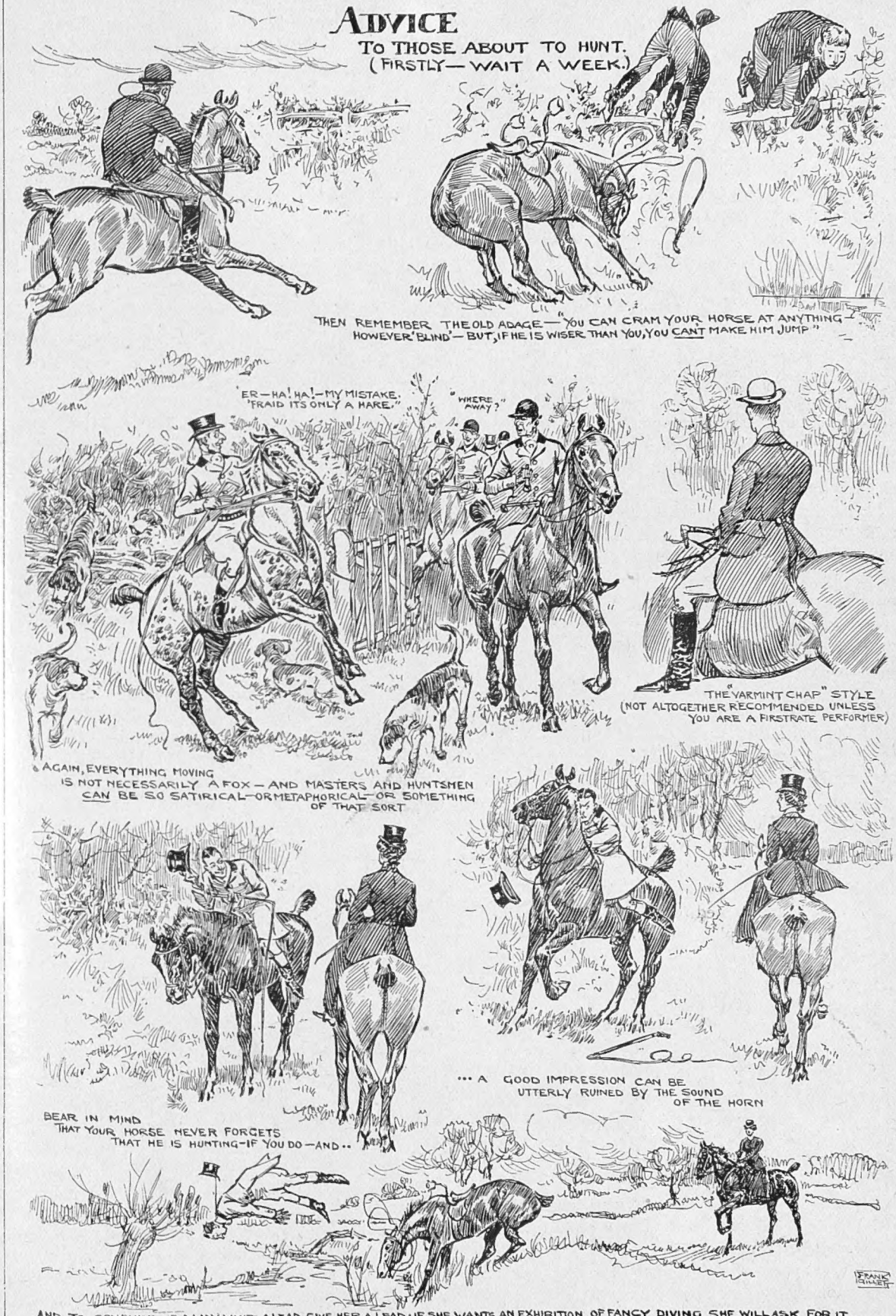
"Above all, don't marry a woman who is thoroughly satisfied with you. The pre-matrimonial point of view is vastly different to the post-matrimonial attitude. If you are completely satisfying as a *fiancé*, you cannot be a successful husband. The slight reaction after the honeymoon is bound to go against you, and if you were not an ideal lover at any time, the shock will not be so great to your wife. Nothing conduces more to respectability than a profound appreciation of one's partner's faults. If I was a man, Julius Cæsar would be welcome to all the women above suspicion so far as I was concerned. You know as well as I do that when a man owes everything to his wife, his wife owes something to almost anybody but her husband. But do take care that the elect *looks* innocent. A St. Teresa with *chic* is what you want.

Plagiarism

"Have I been too blunt? Is this a little too dogmatic? I have written you at length, because in these days, when all the outsiders are such expert love-makers, it is a shame that such a nice boy as you should fail for want of information. It is also one of the few arts which is neither long nor conceals itself. You may attain proficiency in an hour, say, between three and four p.m., at my flat to-morrow. I shall wear a blue frock with a purple petticoat. See that your necktie doesn't clash. *Tout à vous.*—Jess."

Mr. Jack Allanson's astonishment would, moreover, have changed to complete stupefaction had he known that the impressionable Jessie had copied four-fifths of her screed from the epistle of the somewhat similarly placed heroine of "The Idiosyncrasies of Isobel" (Socks and Clocks Publishing Company: 6*s.* net), now on sale at the *Daily Post* Book Club, soiled or unsoiled, 3*d.* or 4*d.* per dozen copies.—Advt.

The Topictator



RACING NOTIONS

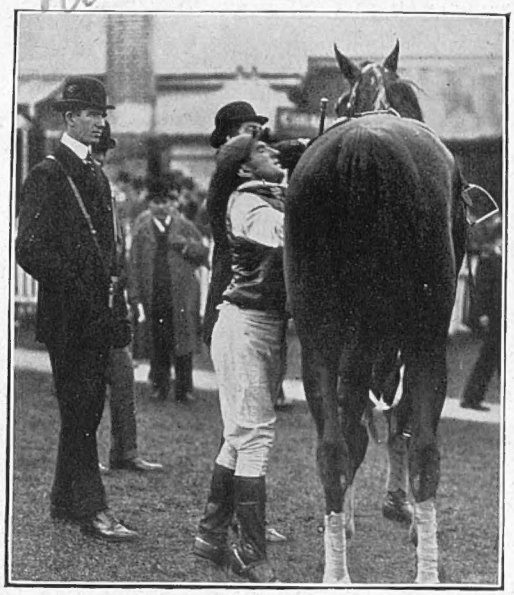
CAMBRIDGESHIRE PROSPECTS. By "CARBINE"

The Variations of Racing Form

We saw the bonnie mare Keystone II. simply canter away with the rich Produce Stakes at Sandown Park last week, and wondered how on earth she came to have been beaten for the St. Leger. Despite what may be said and written to the contrary, she was not seriously interfered with at Doncaster, and had she been physically all right, she and not Troutbeck would have won. Keystone happened to be a little off colour on the great day, and that is why she lost.

The Poor Stay-at-Home Backer

At the best, the stay-at-home backer does not get a great deal of fun. Having backed his fancy, his chief excitement is to await the result on the tape, or through his evening paper. Meanwhile, all sorts of things may be happening on the course which would have stopped him from supporting his horse had he been in a position to know about them. For example, observe the result of the Hersham Plate last week. This was a race for which practically all the daily papers tipped, the majority going for Summer or Forfeit, and on that pair the stay-at-home backers mainly staked their money. Not a paper mentioned Queenie VII., for the simple reason that they knew nothing whatever about her. But as soon as betting on the race started at Sandown, it was plain that Queenie VII. was something warm. The filly had been brought over from France, and was so hotly dashed on by those "in the know" that she at once became a strong favourite. Moreover, triumphing over all difficulties in the race, she won easily, and was subsequently bought in for 750 guineas. Of all this the poor stay-at-home backer was in blissful ignorance until long afterwards, and the result left him ruminating on the doubtful wisdom of betting indiscriminately away from the scene of action.



The winner of the Norbiton Handicap Hurdle Race at Sandown Park

Moran unsaddling Domino, the winner, in the weighing enclosure

The Cambridgeshire Favourite

The last big Newmarket handicap of the season bears practically the same aspect as it did at this time last week. After a momentary scare, Polymelus is known to be all right, and looks like starting one of the hottest Cambridgeshire favourites on record. It is, perhaps, annoying to be obliged to accept such a small price about any horse in a field of twenty runners, but there is an old saying on the Turf that "the bigger the field, the bigger the certainty." What is more, if you are absolutely convinced that a horse will win, it is nothing short of madness to go and back something else because you don't like the price about your original fancy. That is what many people did in the case of Polymelus in the Duke of York Stakes. They would not accept 7 to 4, but they must have a bet of some sort, and so took the long odds about one or two others, their reward being to see them treated like a lot of common hacks by Polymelus. The horse has shown such smashing form in his last few engagements that his strong favouritism is abundantly justified.

Last Words on the Prospects

If the favourite is destined to be beaten, I fancy the danger will come from Robson's stable, where Thrush and Spate are sheltered. Both have something to recommend them, and I think Spate, who is apparently to be the chosen one of the two (having come out of his trial satisfactorily), will get into a place. Velocity, last year's winner, is likely to be prominent under his big weight; and Bibiani, second in the Cesarewitch, may again run well. Kaffir Chief is well fancied, but seems hardly up to Cambridgeshire class. Indeed, the more the race is studied, the more it seems probable that Polymelus will win, and for a place investment I should take Spate and Velocity.

Other Races of the Week

One more much-vaunted champion went down in the Middle Park Plate, but I cannot see anything likely to beat **My Pet II.** in the Dewhurst Plate on Thursday, as Slieve Gallion will not run. On the same afternoon, **Bridge of Canny** should win the Free Handicap, and **Turpitude** has a chance for the Richmond Nursery. For the Scarborough Stakes I take **Paddington** in preference to Gingal. It is useless to attempt any selection in the Jockey Club Cup before it can be ascertained whether Bachelor's Button or Pretty Polly, or both of them, will be started. If it came to another struggle between them, I should take the mare. For the Queensberry Handicap on Friday I fancy **Ulalume**, and for the Houghton Stakes, **Saxham.**

A Brilliant Sandown

Arizona II., winner of the Pirbright Handicap Hurdle Race, leading over the last hurdle

The crowd in the Paddock on Saturday

The Autumn Meeting at Sandown was held last week in brilliant summer weather, and capital sport was enjoyed

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Another Connaught Marriage Rumour

Closely following on the rumoured engagement of the Princess Patricia of Connaught to a Russian Grand Duke comes the story that her brother, Prince Arthur, is to contract an even more surprising alliance. The story is that the young Prince's long notorious attachment for Lady Marjorie Manners is at last to have a definite result, that a "marriage has been arranged," etc. Steps have, it is further said, been taken to induce the Prince to marry a foreign Princess in the usual way, but he has been obdurate, and has said that he will "either have the lady of his choice or remain unmarried." This is, of course, all very nice and proper, and calculated to win for the Prince the approval of the great B.P. But, nevertheless, it is not so easy a matter to disregard, in this way, the wishes of the powers that be by refusing a political alliance, and it will prove least easy of all for Prince Arthur. For one thing, the King has shown himself alive, in a striking manner, to the importance of close alliances with foreign States. Spain and Sweden have, during the last two years, been introduced into the British orbit by means of alliances with British Royal Princesses, and Prince Arthur is really too good an asset to be willingly surrendered to a morganatic match. He is the only "young man" of the Royal Family. Already he has done important diplomatic work abroad. He carried the Garter to the Mikado, and he has represented Britain at more than one Continental function of the first order. He is, in fact, primely suited for relieving the King and Prince of Wales of much of their very heavy work, and, matched with a Princess of the blood royal, would be a valuable asset to the machinations of monarchy. A marriage out of the Royal circle, however, would inevitably handicap the Prince in adequately representing the Crown on future occasions. Lady Marjorie Manners is, of course, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Rutland—lately the Marquis of Granby—and it is known that she and Prince Arthur spent much of the recent autumn fishing together on the banks of the Dee.

* * *

The "Copper" Commission

Popular outcries, however unreasoning and unreasonable, do occasionally lead to some useful result. The Metropolitan Police Commission, which has returned to its labours refreshed by the Long Vacation, was the outcome of the howl that was raised over the d'Angély case, of which we are hardly likely to hear very much more; but the Inquiry is going on all the same, and it would seem, at any rate, that there

Photo *T. Russell*

A future Queen (and a future King) of Sweden

A new photograph of the Duchess of Scania (Princess Margaret of Connaught) and her son

To Marry Prince Arthur of Connaught?

Photo *Thomson*

Lady Marjorie Manners

The Duke of Rutland's eldest daughter, who, it is alleged, is to be betrothed to Prince Arthur of Connaught

"The Worst Street in London"

is plenty to inquire into. So far, however, the daily papers seem to have been rather disappointed in their anticipations of horrible revelations. Even the most respectable of us know that Greek Street, Soho, is mainly inhabited by a highly undesirable foreign colony, and that it is injudicious to take too many solitary walks in the neighbourhood of the Euston Road after midnight. We have also heard it whispered that policemen are no more incorruptible than the rest of mankind. But it is a little difficult to reconcile Mr. G. R. Sims's lurid articles in the *Daily Telegraph* with the statement by the Secretary of the National Vigilance Association, that London is "an open-air cathedral" compared to what it was forty years ago; that it is now, at least, as respectable as Berlin or Paris; and that the accepted census of vice in London must be divided by ten to get at approximately correct figures.

Photo *Photo Press*

The statue of the late Marquis of Salisbury unveiled on Saturday at Hatfield

The statue, which is in bronze, is the work of Mr. George Frampton, R.A., and stands at the entrance of Hatfield House

Mrs. Bruce, née Clifford

And so, after all, Miss Camille Clifford has, for the best part of a fortnight, really been Mrs. Lyndhurst Bruce, and future Lady Aberdare, without anyone being the wiser, though she and her husband have been so much in the public limelight. How pleased they must have been to escape the battery of cameras which would inevitably have awaited them had the project of their secret marriage at the Mount Street Registry Office leaked out. The public, however, were able to give full vent to their congratulations on the appearance of Miss Camille Clifford, as she is still called on the stage, at the matinée and evening performances at the Vaudeville on Saturday, when the management presented her with a beautiful wedding bouquet.

This all teaches us that if publicity is to be avoided—stay in London, though this is a seeming paradox.

Photo *Topical Agency*

A view of Greek Street, Soho, which was stigmatised by Inspector McKay before the Police Commission as "The worst street in London"

Greek Street runs from Shaftesbury Avenue to Soho Square, in the heart of London's "Foreign Quarter." Several well-known hostelries are situated in the street, including Kettner's Restaurant, which can be seen at the corner

"L'Entente Cordiale Catholique"

Photo *Haines*

Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, who is promoting "L'Entente Cordiale Catholique"

In a recent speech at Caxton Hall, before the "Guild of Our Lady of Ransom," Dr. Bourne criticised the attitude taken up by certain English newspapers with regard to the religious troubles in France, which, he said, was likely to injure the good feeling at present existing between England and France

Vivisection on Its Trial

The Practice of Vivisection

The amount of study and labour bestowed upon the theory and practice of vivisection can hardly be imagined by anyone not conversant with modern methods of research. Looking at the subject from an entirely independent point of view, one's chief idea in the matter is that, at all costs, unnecessary pain and suffering should and must be avoided. The final argument of the pro-vivisectionist in favour of his method is that he works for the greatest good of the greatest number, and that, even if a slight amount of pain is inflicted, it is as nothing compared with the sufferings which are thereby alleviated. The most convincing argument of the anti-vivisectionist is that a thing that is morally wrong, *i.e.* the infliction of what he considers unnecessary pain, can never, in any shape or form, conduce to the ultimate good; that out of evil, in fact, no good can come.

A pro-vivisectionist once said that "it would be more reasonable to hope to make out the machinery of a watch by looking at it, than to hope to understand the mechanism of a living animal by mere contemplation." This being granted, it would seem that the practice of subjecting live animals to experiments, whether by vivisection or otherwise, is justifiable, especially in view of the fact that precautions against suffering are taken by the law, which make it illegal to operate for scientific purposes upon a living animal before first putting that animal under a state of complete anæsthesia, a special order having to be obtained from the Secretary of State before dispensation to operate without anæsthetics is granted. It is also a well-known fact that the internal organs, even in man, are so little sensitive to touch that they almost might be called insensitive, and also that the anæsthetics used act not only on the motor system, but also on the sensory. Against all this, however, must be placed the standpoint of the anti-vivisectionists, who hope, apart from all other issues, to bring out in the forthcoming result of the Vivisection Inquiry that the whole moral of the practice is wrong, and, therefore, of no ultimate use to humanity at large.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Hon. C. A. Parsons

The inventor of the turbine, who has just brought out the "Auxetophone," for increasing volume and richness of stringed instruments

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Selby

(Ex-Speaker of the House of Commons). Chairman of the Royal Commission on Vivisection

Photo *Russell*

Lord Ampthill

Whose proposed amendments to the Education Bill would almost revolutionise the measure, especially as regards religious instruction and teachers' tests

* * *

The Vivisection Commission

There is no doubt that the Royal Commission which has been appointed to inquire into the practice of vivisection is a satisfactory one in every way. The scientific, legal, and lay elements therein are all well and equally represented, and, in this instance, at any rate, I doubt whether even the anti-vivisectionists can complain of inadequate representation. It is, doubtless, owing to the success achieved by Lord Selby, the ex-Speaker, as Chairman of the Royal Commission on Motor-Cars that he has again been selected to act as Chairman, this time, on the Vivisection Inquiry.

The remaining Commissioners may be divided into three classes. The pro-vivisectionists, the anti-vivisectionists, and the independents, *i.e.* those who have no decided views in either direction, but who are there, like the blind man of the nursery rhyme, to see fair play. Those who are in favour of vivisection include such eminent men as Sir William Church, who was President of the Royal College of Physicians, and who is a member of the Council of the Imperial Research Fund — an Association looked upon with great suspicion by anti-vivisectionists as being particularly prone to experiments on living animals — and Sir John McFaydean, Principal and Professor of Comparative Anatomy at the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town. The independent medical and scientific men include Sir W. J. Collins, who is a great authority on inoculations, and Dr. George Wilson, M.D.; while the anti-vivisectionists have the best of representation in Mr. J. Tomkinson, M.P. for Crewe, and Colonel Lockwood, M.P., who is a well-known and ardent restrictionist. Nothing but good, it is obvious, can come of an inquiry which is undertaken by such a representative body.

Term Begins at St. Stephen's School

A Versatile Inventor

The Hon. C. A. Parsons, as an inventor, does not seem to be "sticking to his last"—in this case marine engines and machinery—for he has just brought out an instrument called an "Auxetophone," which is designed greatly to increase the volume and richness of stringed instruments. It was first used at a concert at the Queen's Hall the other day, and was very successful. As the inventor claims that his invention will make it possible for a quartette to do the work of sixteen violins, I trust the invention will never be adopted by strenuous itinerant musicians. Mr. Parsons, by the way, is also much to the fore now, for the adoption of his turbine engines on the latest ships has been the greatest advance that engineering has made of recent years. This advance is all the more remarkable, when it is remembered that, as recently as the Diamond Jubilee, Mr. Parsons's turbine boat, which cruised up and down the Solent during the naval display, was a novelty which caused the greatest interest.

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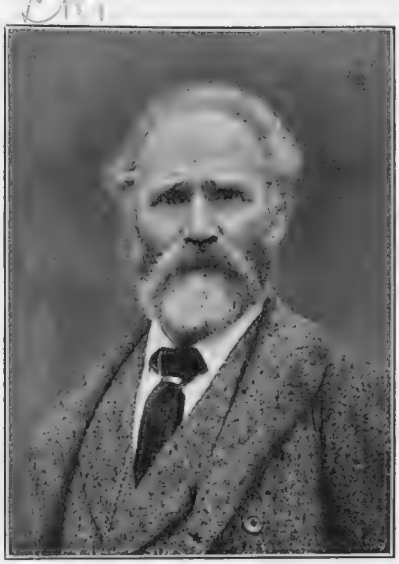
The Re-opening of Parliament

No less than three hundred workmen have been at work in the House of Commons during the recess making various alterations authorised by the energetic First Commissioner of Works. Never again will the House witness the undignified scramble for seats which last Session invariably took place at the hour of dinner, and there will also be no more of the weary waiting for a table, which became so tiresome after one had done it for three or four nights in succession. The Members' smoking-room has been turned into an additional dining-room, smoking-room accommodation having been provided in a room hitherto the exclusive property of the House of Lords, but now lifted from their keeping. This room has been enlarged and redecorated and refurnished, and will now be used by Members for the entertainment of their guests. Further seating room has also been provided in the House itself, a row of seats having been placed on the floor below the gallery, which has, up to now, been used as an additional Strangers' Gallery. Gas, of course, still provides the lighting arrangements in the House of Commons. Why, no one knows, for electric light has long been installed in the adjoining House of Lords.



Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.
The Leader of the Socialist group of the Labour Party

Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P.
One of the rising men of the Labour Party

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P.
Mr. Keir Hardie's chief rival for the position of Leader of the Independent Labourists, whose attitude towards Socialism is causing speculation

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The Returning Members

Members, it was to be noted at a recent party largely attended by our worthy legislators, have lost the very "new" look they wore last Session. Their air is more self-satisfied and rather less excited. The clever ones have got over their first bitter grief and disappointment at not being allowed to open their mouths, much less to speak, and the stupid ones have realised that, to their great relief, they will never have to. All have rather the air of the men who are, to-morrow, returning to one or other of the Universities. Depression, diffidence, daring, form no part of their outfit. Like undergraduates, they look forward to a jolly good time, and, with luck, lots of "rags," and, also, like the species "undergrad," they take up the work which has been, with so much heart-burning, entrusted to them by many a solemn and boresome elector with a light heart and a still lighter sense of responsibility.

Among those who are beginning to tumble into Parliamentary ways (and manners, too, which is important) are the new Labour Members, and this Session is the first in which we shall see the Liberal-Labour war in full progress. Up to the time of going to press no new hostile act has been committed between the belligerents, and it is to be expected that Messrs. Keir Hardie, Macdonald, Snowden, Shackelton, and others, are keeping their powder dry for the great encounter with the angry forces of Liberalism—and with each other.

* * *

Liberalism's Leading Lady

The Session, it is sad to realise, finds itself without its leading official hostess—the Premier's wife. Sad, however, as is the personal loss to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and its inevitable effect on the

Fleet Street Shoulders Arms

Premier's social arrangements generally, the late Lady Campbell-Bannerman was not a hostess on a large scale, though popular with the intimate few. The rôle of chief official Liberal hostess devolves, naturally, upon Mrs. Asquith, who is, as her husband would put it, a woman well fitted to "work out her own salvation" in the proper sphere of the home. For the "Dodo" of the 'nineties has domesticised herself almost out of recognition. This notwithstanding, she still chatters brilliantly, is witty, and inexhaustibly lively, and retains all her old interest in sports, which include riding, shooting, and golf.

* * *

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Liberalism's leading lady

Mrs. Asquith, who, now that the Premier is a widower, becomes, as wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the leading lady of Liberalism. She is a noted sportswoman, and devoted to riding, shooting, and golf

"Aux Armes!"

Hitherto, the Press of this country has rested content with the provocation of wars, and their subsequent chronicling. Now, a conscientious spirit has stolen over Fleet Street, and the erstwhile wielders of the pen have realised that it is their duty to be no less ready with the sword (that is, in modern usage, the rifle). By forming the Press Rifle Brigade, and inviting periodical tests of skill and efficiency at Bisley, where a meeting under the auspices of Lord Roberts was held last week, Fleet Street has taken the first step towards coping in person with that "Invasion of 1910" which it has itself called into prospective being. The bellicose man of ink becomes, *instanter*, a man of blood, and no longer can he be called a mere "arm-chair critic," or a Grub Street gladiator. The Pressmen, by the way, at their annual dinner on Saturday at the Criterion, succeeded in securing as one of their guests the redoubtable Father Bernard Vaughan, who, certainly, owed them a debt of gratitude for their ready compliance with his calls for notoriety from the pulpit of Farm Street. Others present were Sir F. C. Gould and Mr. Owen Seaman, and the occasion did not fall short of its oratorical traditions.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Press Rifle Club at Bisley

Lord Roberts chatting with the Captain of the team. The members of the Press are no longer content merely with the provocation of wars, and the subsequent chronicling, but are now taking up the use of the rifle. Possibly to be prepared for "the War of 1910," about which they know so much!

Rescuers and Rescued at the Colliery Disaster

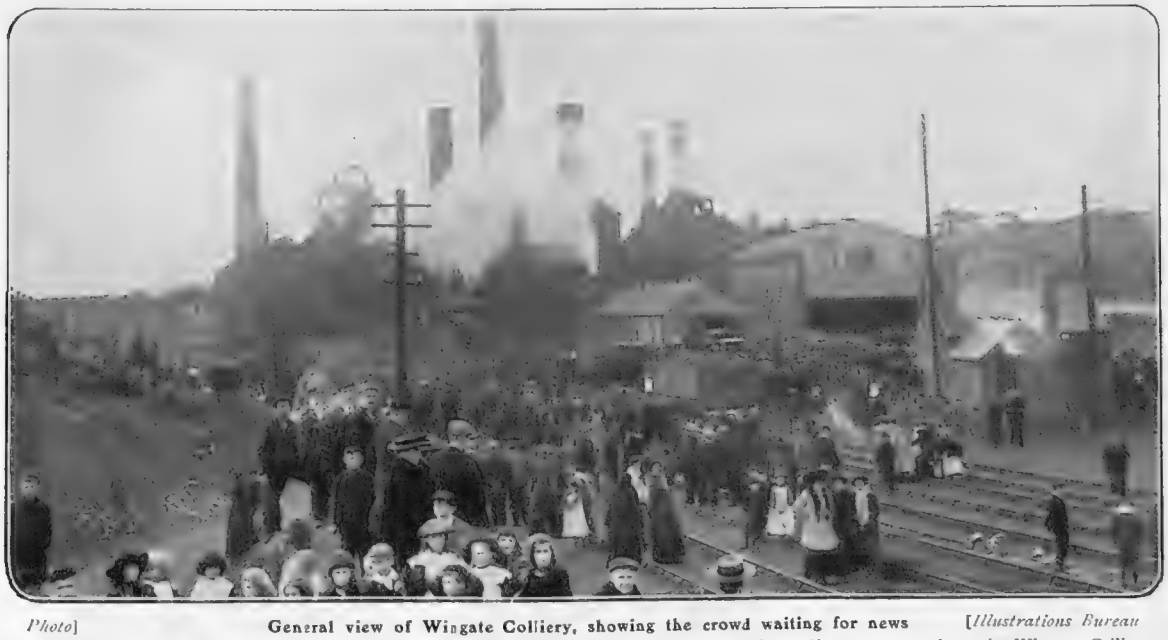
Photo] **Snatched from the Jaws of Death: Two of the survivors just brought to the surface** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Photos

Three shaftsmen who brought up all the survivors

Topical Agency

The Bishop of Durham consulting the Vicar of Wingate



Photo] **General view of Wingate Colliery, showing the crowd waiting for news** *[Illustrations Bureau*

One of the most terrible mining disasters in England of recent years, recalling the Courrières disaster, occurred at the Wingate Colliery, Durham, at midnight, on Sunday, October 14. Twenty-five men were killed on the spot, while the survivors were all rescued by Tuesday. The calamity was caused by an explosion of fire-damp

Hearst for the New York Governorship?

The Mining Disaster

A certain grimness and depression always seems to me to harg over a colliery district, greatly owing to the unrelieved blackness on every side, and the uninviting nature of the landscape, with its forest of chimneys, etc.; but, also, to a greater degree than is often imagined, this feeling is caused by the imminent dangers undergone by the workers in their daily calling. We cannot but express our deep sympathy with those afflicted by the disaster which overcame twenty-five men in the Wingate Colliery, Durham, last week, though, at the same time, we must express our admiration at the way the rescuers worked to save the survivors. Midnight darkness and a drizzling rain added to the pitiful scene at the pit-mouth, where wives and children gathered to see whether or not the breadwinner was safe. Several Labour M.P.'s helped in the work of rescue, and a prominent figure on the day after the disaster was the Bishop of Durham, who visited all the bereaved families. It seems as if no invention could be found to obviate such accidents, though surely some method of warning could be adopted to denote more surely the presence of the fatal fire-damp.

Mr. W. R. Hearst

Democratic Candidate for the New York Governorship and newspaper owner to the American Continent

The Harmsworth of America

Mr. Hearst, the Democratic Candidate for the Governorship of New York, is the supreme journalist. By the power of the Press he hopes to obtain the supreme power of all—the dictatorship of the American people; and though, at present, he has not proved himself the holder of any convictions other than those necessary to the making of a Yellow journalist, yet audacity, as everyone knows, carries one even further than strenuousness. and no one, least of all the American nation, would really be surprised to see him at White House some day.

Photo *Weston*

The late Mrs. Lewis Hill

Who was the widow of Mr. Sam Lewis, the famous money-lender. Charities will benefit to the extent of £1,000,000 by her death

And yet Mr. Hearst is one of the greatest anomalies in the world. An enormously rich man, he has added to his fortune by denouncing, with the bludgeon-like methods which appeal to the working man, wealth and the wealthy.

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Furs

In the world in which fashions in furs are born, no new arrival has this year been discovered. Instead, the real thing being at famine prices, the forces of ingenuity have been applied to making real cat look like real sable, and real hare or rabbit to look like fox. Beautiful furs, indeed, are this year more than ever the exclusive privilege of the rich woman, for, what with the warmth of last winter, the lateness in the arrival of this, and the increased use of fur by the great dressmakers, furriers, in self-defence, have had to put up their prices. As an example, a single ermine skin which, only last year, could be had for about half-a-crown, cannot now be bought for much under a sovereign, while the tails alone cost as much as a whole skin, ermine tails having been decreed by Paris to be the correct thing with which to ornament a lace gown. In Paris, too, the fact that the fashionable woman is wearing, despite the summer-like temperature of the past week or two, three-cornered shawls of fur and long wide stoles that are almost shawls, has not served to make fur cheaper. There, also, the ubiquitous dressmaker, having stripped the ermine of its tails, has decreed that tail-less ermine shall be fashionable, and it is. Sable, of course, everywhere, is unblushingly dear, and so, like diamonds, it has many imitators, and many a fair lady who thinks she has bought and paid for sable, is, in reality, disporting herself in the skin of a far commoner animal. At the present rate of consumption, indeed, it is very evident that, before very long, even rabbit skin will become scarce, by which time, probably, the human skin will, after all, be the only fairly inexpensive variety of the article left.

Photo *Russell*

Mr. Holman Hunt

An exhibition of whose work at the Leicester Galleries has been highly successful

Furs for the Winter

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

1. **A floor covered with bear-skins**
2. **A bundle of snake-skins for purse and belt purposes**
3. **Skins, as they arrive, being taken from the bales to be sorted**
4. **Batches of fox-skins being sorted and arranged in lots**

The promise of a severe winter is bringing furs to the fore, and prices are high. One firm alone has already had 10,000 bear-skins through its hands this season. The same warehouse has had an exceptional consignment of snake-skins, some of which can be seen above, which are used in the manufacture of purses, belts, etc. Fox-skins are also likely to be popular, and will vary in value from 5s. to £500 apiece

ROUND THE TOWN

To-day we can picture the Lord Chancellor of England (supposing him to be musically inclined) singing, in the words of the old song :—

> Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,
> For it is our opening day.

For to-day is the first day of the Michaelmas law sittings, and His Majesty's Judges are occupied from morn to dewy eve with the ceremony of the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice and the various celebrations incidental thereto, in the course of which, it may be remarked, the needs of the inner man are by no means neglected. They commence the day by attending divine service, arrayed in their very best and most gorgeous apparel, the majority of them at Westminster Abbey and the rest at such other places of worship as accord with their religious convictions. After this, they meet at the abode of the Lord Chancellor, by whom they are entertained at breakfast, though the meal, both as regards the time at which it is taken and the character of the good cheer which is consumed thereat, partakes more of the nature of lunch. I have heard that the champagne is always beyond reproach.

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At this reception all the Judges and King's Counsel may attend as a matter of right, and a few privileged juniors are also invited. At about two o'clock a move is made to the Courts, where a procession is formed, and the Judges, in order of seniority, march solemnly up the Great Hall, attended by such K.C.'s as have no immediate and pressing business on hand, and so through the corridors to their respective Courts, where they straightway proceed to the administration of justice, the Lord Chancellor, on this occasion, taking his seat in the Court of Appeal. The sitting, however, does not last long, for there is usually a Judges' meeting to be held, at which various matters incidental to the term's work are arranged. When this is over, their lordships disperse *pro tem*, to meet again in the evening at the Athenæum Club, where, at the famous Judges' dinner, they end the day in decorous revelry.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

To check cabby's extortions

The "Taximètre" attached to a motor-cab, which Londoners are promised in the near future. It is already in use all over the Continent, and renders it practically impossible for "cabby" to indulge his favourite vice of over-charging

In years gone by, this repast used to take the form of a whitebait dinner at Greenwich, but whether it was that the supply of whitebait was not equal to the demand, or that some of their lordships shunned the rigours of the voyage to Greenwich during the winter months, the *venue* has for some time past been changed to the solemn precincts of the Athenæum. I believe, however, that the Greenwich outing, though no longer associated with the opening of the Courts, has not been entirely given up, and that it still comes off once a year—in the summer-time. A dinner at the Athenæum does not sound particularly lively; but if there is one thing that an English judge, from time immemorial, has always thoroughly understood, it is how to enjoy himself at dinner, and I dare swear that their lordships' gaiety to-night will not be restrained by thoughts of the West Riding judgment, or other embarrassing topics. I am told, by the way, that there is practically a consensus of opinion among legal men that that same judgment is bound to be reversed on appeal to the Lords. This will be one up to Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, who dissented from the judgment of his "brothers" in the Court of Appeal.

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Jehu has set his face against a reform which sanguine Londoners believed to be actually upon them. At a meeting recently held in the Euston Theatre, the cabbies unanimously voted against the taximètre-cab. The man round the town must be pardoned for displaying an attitude of resentment against this fiat. It is true the man who makes the living has most to say about the style of cab he shall drive. At the same time, in the matter of cabs, the "fare," though he has very little to say, has much to do. And he has done it. He has avoided cabs whenever feasible, and has taken to his heart every new scheme of rapid transit. He is a confirmed believer in the electrified District, and when he has succeeded in boarding his motor-'bus he is loud in his praises of the locomotion it gives him. Meanwhile, cabby has looked upon these innovations with a sad and sour eye.

Pirates or Philanthropists?

It used to be considered rather a disgrace to be interested in literature—publicly — but within the last week a surprising change has come over the conversation of the club and places where people talk. Books, authors, publishers, and the *Times*, are words on everybody's lips, and nobody knows quite what is going to happen, and why. Men, never hitherto suspected of having an interest in any book —beyond one on the Cambridgeshire, perhaps—tell one of the disgraceful conduct pursued by American speculators who have squared our one and only leading daily, and dished the whole of English literature. Others hint that the British author, and publisher too, is a bit of a hum, and the *Times* Book Club is a very useful tradesman, who tries to buy as cheaply as may be, and serves its customers with an article they want at a fair price.

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Perhaps the booksellers and publishers are cruel-hearted beasts, who want to make 500 per cent. out of us, and perhaps Messrs. Moberly Bell and Hooper are modern pirates, with the heads of pistols sticking out beneath their dress waistcoats, pirates who sing a desperate song of damnation to "the trade," with a refrain of "Heave Ho! and a Bottle of Bollinger." But does it matter very much if both sides are rather wicked? The ultimate point is, that while there is sound competition, the world at large will get value for its money, and who asks more tempts the Fates to some of their bitter reprisals. But I believe my literary colleague is boiling over on the subject in another column, so I pass on.

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To the Town man whose affairs keep him more or less a prisoner of the cities, it is delightful to see all the theatres and clubs filling up. Men, especially, are returning in shoals, glad, one suspects, to be free of the boring intimacy of the country house and once more at large in the most comfortable (autumn) city in Europe.

In "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion

* * *

The nights have been filled with music at Covent Garden this week. Melba, in splendid voice as Mimi in *La Bohême*, inspired all the other singers; and Zenatello has, although hard-worked, added immensely to the number of his admirers. Some artists new to us, Scandiani and Carpèi among them, have been welcomed, and there are promises of other new singers; while, on Saturday, we enjoyed Miss Suzanne Adams as Gilda in *Rigoletto*.

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The house has been crowded, too, with enthusiastic audiences, and, as one looks across the wide and well-filled auditorium, you realise that you must know your world pretty well to be able to tell that this beautiful and elaborately dressed crowd is not *quite* the same one as we see during the Spring season. The removal of the always decorative and home-like boxes from the grand tier is, however, the main difference between the two periods, and this is an important one. But if the world we see in October is not the first flower of Royal, diplomatic, and political life, Covent Garden lacks little of fashion or beauty to add to these splendid performances the final note of *éclat*.

In "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion

In "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion

* * *

The opening of the Criterion Theatre showed that playgoers were already returning to Town. Plenty of Society people, among whom Mrs. George Cornwallis West was one of the most interested, jostled with the more professional first-nighters. Miss Mary Moore surveyed the scene of her many triumphs from a box, and Sir Charles Wyndham, who, on walking up the aisle to his stall, was greeted by a somewhat embarrassing round of applause from the pit, eyed the leading rôle with a kindly, but critical, glance.

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The new management here has begun very auspiciously. Mr. Kingsley Tarpey's play is, for once, what it is set out to be, an eccentric comedy, in the same way that Goldsmith's *She Stoops* or *The Good-Natured Man* (recently played at the Coronet) were eccentric comedies when first played. From the opening scene, between the delicious Inspector Bott (Mr. E. Dagnall) and the admirable Sergeant Fell (Mr. Rae), to the comfortable close of the play, the audience followed every word with interest and an accompaniment of constant laughter.

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The daily papers rob one of the pleasure of telling the story, which is, however, rather unimportant compared with the excellent character-sketches with which the play abounds, and the vivacity of the action and brightness and wit of the dialogue. This latter, however, is not forced, but springs naturally from the current of events, and, therefore, is not very

"Socialism" at the Criterion

In "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion

conveniently detachable for quotation.

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The fun and satire of the piece is in the fact that the aristocratic Sir Hubert Penneleather devotes himself, late in life, to a kindly sort of amateur Socialism, which prompts him to address the costers' meeting in Hyde Park, and encourage those protagonists to absurd deeds, which the gentlest police cannot overlook. Sir Hubert and a casual friend—the lover of his ward, to whom, without knowing him, he has objected—escape from the police, but are eventually tracked and taken in most amusing circumstances. Mr. Eric Lewis makes Sir Hubert a delightful character—irresponsible and gay, enthusiastic and Quixotic, but always light and charming. His egregiously conceited son—who is inclined to disown him—is admirably played by Mr. Louis Goodrich. When he complains to his devoted and greatly tried mother (Miss Carlotta Addison) that she ought not to have married anyone with such absurd views as those of his father, she answers in fervent accents: "When I married, he was a perfect man—without an idea in his head."

* * *

The loves of Philip Wykeham (Mr. Clayton Greene) and the ward, Evelyn Rivers (Miss Lilian Braithwaite), are skilfully managed, and the cast, from first to last, is well arranged. Perhaps we might complain that Miss Braithwaite should have very little to do, but then she does it with so much native charm that one forgets to grumble. And then Mr. Lewis, Miss Addison, Mr. Dagnall, and Mr. Goodrich are excellently well provided, while Miss Ethel Matthews is enabled to look beautiful and give a clever picture of a rather unpleasant Society lady, and Miss Bussé can display a lively grace as a rather sharp and coming-on *ingénue*. It is true the play is light, and occasionally a little thin, but it has the greatest of all qualities—it amuses. It cheered, and was cheered by, a large audience on the first night, and will, we think, be enjoyed by the public who like an amusing play at nine o'clock for very many nights to come.

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For those people who like to hurry over their coffee and cigarette, the management has provided a front play, *The Lemonade Boy*. It is, we should think, exactly suited to those ingenuous audiences who don't mind a little post-prandial haste. Miss Unger, the author, has a simple tale of how a lemonade boy on Eastbourne beach saves his neighbour, Maria, of the sweet stall, from the wickedness of a masked songster. It is all very simple and artificial—touching to those who have faith. But Miss Unger does not know her Eastbourne very well, or her types would have been other. We hear that the play, in which Mr. Heggie and Miss Minnie Terry and Miss Powys did their best, as they say, has been very successful in America. Once more America is to be congratulated—on her catholic taste.

In "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion

* * *

The second Fancy Dress Ball at Covent Garden, like the first, was very bright and jolly, with many charming prizewinners, and a host of gay and handsome people. And yet one wonders why these dances are not even a little bit more popular. Society is always looking out for a new sensation. Why are not large parties of friends made up for supper at the Savoy or Carlton, and then heigh-ho, for mask and domino! and the opera ball? If Society is a little afraid of mixing, even in our socialistic age, with the lesser world, let them enjoy the fun within their own party; and then, for the adventurous, there is always a chance of adventure into the wider circles of the dancers who are nobodies, and all the more fun on that account.

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Wasn't it Chesterfield who said, in old age, of himself and a fellow peer, "Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known." We fear this phrase applies to the late Madame Ristori, who, theatrically

At the Criterion

Queens of Tragedy and Opera-Bouffe

speaking, here in England, had passed away long ago. Her splendid victories belong to fifty years back, and few now living can have seen her here or in America in the flower of her compelling powers. One remembers, however, that there was a sort of St. Martin's summer in 1882, when Augustus Harris placed Drury at the disposal of the tragedienne, whose Lady Macbeth and Elizabeth were already traditions. One saw her then, but it was with the keen, unsympathetic eye of the schoolboy who had been "fed up" with the accounts of the superb merits of the actress. It was one of those experiences that shake one's faith in the enthusiasms of elders. Ristori was then 61; she spoke English well, of course, but with what seemed rather funny intonations to the sharp ear of the human boy, and, in fact, one had to take the old glamour of her personality as an article of faith rather than a demonstrated fact.

* * *

Ristori was, in her day, a gifted comedian as well as the player of heavy rôles. If one could have seen her as, say Mirandolina, in Goldoni's *La Locandiera*, a good many years earlier, one would have gayer memories of the queen of the stage, and how useful a standard by which to judge La Duse in the part. But little remains to us of Ristori; a recollection of power and great gifts, and a few rather dull quarters of an hour in a not over-filled vast theatre. As has often been said, and as Mrs. Parsons points out in her excellent new book on Garrick, the cardinal objection to the calling of the stage is its ephemeral quality. As Garrick himself wrote, in one of his prologues:—

Nor pen, nor pencil can the actor save,
The art and artist share a common grave.

But then the life of the stage is a thousand times more crowded with emotion than the life of the busiest and most volatile of laymen.

* * *

Another lady of the stage whose triumphs belong to an earlier generation, but who is, fortunately, very much alive and just now before the public, is that Offenbachic queen, Madame Emily Soldene. On November 13, her friends propose to give her a farewell matinée at the Palace Theatre, for we understand this gifted actress and amusing memoir writer and popular lady is returning to Australia. Madame Melba and Miss Ellen Terry are doing all that is possible to help forward what is sure to be a charming function. Lord Glenesk, Lord Rothschild, and Lord Carrington are among dozens of interested patrons.

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Although few will remember the great days of Miss Soldene's stage conquests—some thirty years ago, perhaps—everybody can enjoy them again in her candid, cheery, and often pathetic, "Theatrical Recollections," published some few years ago. The book is a mine of antique stage-lore. "Chilperic" lives again; the "Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" and a dozen delightful personages of opera-bouffe dance and sing and make merry once more for our amusement. And there are a thousand wicked little stories of real personages, as well as of those that graced the Philharmonic, Gaiety, and the Alhambra, but they are mostly of the bloods who have laid aside their vanities these many days.

* * *

After reading the various critiques of the pieces, *Yellow Fog Island* and a compressed version of Holcroft's comedy, *He's Much to Blame*, I visited Terry's the other evening with some trepidation. I was pleasantly surprised, however, in both plays. Not that there is over-much to commend in either of them, but the same can be said of very many of our most successful plays. There is quite a lot of humour in the satirical second piece, *Yellow Fog Island*, and some very pretty musical numbers composed by Mr. Nation. The players all enter into the spirit of the performance, and the cast includes Miss Marie Ash, Miss Gladys Archbutt, and Miss Elise Cooke.

Photo *Russell*

Mme. Emily Soldene

The veteran opera-bouffe actress, for whom a benefit is being organised at the Palace Theatre on November 13

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mme. Ristori, the celebrated Italian actress, who died recently at Rome

Besides being a great tragedienne, Mme. Ristori was no less an able exponent of comedy. Her first appearance in England was in the rôle of Queen Elizabeth at Drury Lane, and afterwards as Lady Macbeth

Two Playwrights of the Moment

Anyone not conversant with the great interest which centres in the leading festival in the World of Dogs might well have been astonished had he suddenly found himself in the midst of the acres of dogs, and the hundreds of admiring humans, who filled the Crystal Palace on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of last week. There, under the auspices of the inimitable, the Kennel Club, all the world and, of course, his wife were assembled together to assist (in some cases to obstruct) at the finest exhibition of sporting dogs in the world. It is astonishing, really, to note to what an enormous extent this latest phase of modern life has caught on. The cult of the "toy," of course, has for long been the pet craze of the Society woman, the most favoured mode of procedure being small families and many dogs, or large families and no dogs, certainly no "toys" at all. But this feature of the modern passion for the cult of the dog forms but a very small part of the great Kennel Club Show, for here is to be seen, in addition to the Society dog, the pick of the best sporting kennels in the kingdom. Last week, at the Crystal Palace, it was noticeable that the greatest interest was exhibited in the dogs of sporting breed, the King, with Basset hounds, and the Queen, with her Borzois, taking several prizes.

* * *

There are not very many amusing picture galleries open just now, but what is called the Photographic Salon, in Pall Mall, is of interest, as also the Institute of Painters in Oil, and the collection of Holman Hunt's work. The only really engaging new thing is the exhibition of cabinet oil paintings by Mr. J. H. Donaldson. These charming examples of the pictures of a poet in feeling, and a technically accomplished painter, are to be seen in the Harmsworth Galleries, 21, Grafton Street, the latest addition to the places where pictures can be hung. Mr. Donaldson's collection shows many sides of his remarkable talent for fixing on his canvas the evanescent and mysterious and beautiful atmospheric effects seen in town and country at dawn, at twilight, and in the deeper shadows of the night.

* * *

Miss Gladys Unger, whose play, *The Lemonade Boy*, is giving a good deal of pleasure to the early comers at the Criterion, is a San Franciscan, who studied art in Paris before she strongly turned her thoughts to plays. When this lady was eighteen years of age, Mr. Hicks produced her *Kean* at a series of matinées at the Vaudeville Theatre. The piece was rather well received, but the author now considers it the worst ever produced. She thinks otherwise, however, of *Mr. Sheridan*, which Mr. Bourchier played to a delighted Brighton audience some time ago, and which he proposes to put up on his return to Town. Mr. Arnold Daly has produced *The Lemonade Boy* in America, as we have said, with great success, and Miss Unger has also adapted for that manager the well-known Grand Guignol success, *Apres l'Opera*. Mr. Daly "presents" this shortly, and Mr. Bourchier, one hears, has secured the English rights of this play. Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen is negotiating with Miss Unger for a new four-act drama which she has written, the American rights of which have already been sold to Mr. Frank Worthing.

Photo *Bassano*

Mr. Kingsley Tarpey

Author of *The Amateur Socialist*, now being played at the Criterion

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Gladys Unger

Author of *The Lemonade Boy*, now being played at the Criterion

* * *

Mr. Kingsley Tarpey, whose *Amateur Socialist* is crowding the coffers of the newest management, practised some time at the Irish Bar, and has written a good deal in many ways for English and American periodicals. He has been one of the many excellent dramatic critics of the *Star*, and has enjoyed the notices of his first play very fully. We have heard a brilliant lecture by him delivered to the "Playgoers" on "The Discussions of George Bernard Shaw," and we expect to have the pleasure of listening to a good deal more of his agreeable humour, and his clever observations on the light side of life.

BYSTANDER.

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"Le Lor' Maire et Chérifs"

Abdul Hamid, in the course of his reign, exiled something like 100,000 of his subjects from Constantinople into the Turkish provinces, he little thought that these men would become apostles of Liberty. Each in his own district worked to teach the people, and in many places literature and philosophy are cultivated as in Western countries. These teachings have borne fruit, for we hear that in Castamonie and Erzeroum the people refused to pay the taxes, and insisted on the revocation of the Governor. Beyrouth, Salonica, and other Turkish ports are the centres where the number of the Young Turkish party are most strongly represented. The majority of them are well acquainted with modern literature, and their influence on the education of the new generation is beneficial in every way. Under these conditions, it is not surprising that the eyes of the whole civilised world are fixed upon Turkey, and are watching its awakening.

* * *

"Le Lor' Maire"

Paris is happy. The Lord Mayor has come; and, what is more, he has come in State. The first magistrate of the City of London is still described in the French press as "le Lor' Maire"; and "chérifs" is the name given to the two officers who accompany him. But what is in a name? Sheriff or "chérif," it is all the same to the Paris *badaud*, who has an opportunity of witnessing a show, and he is truly grateful to those who procured him this gratuitous treat. If Sir Walter Vaughan Morgan only knew in what light he is looked upon by the average Parisian, he would swell with pride. Frenchmen cannot define the Lord Mayor's power. Some think he is the King's understudy, and acts for him during His Majesty's absence. Others imagine that he occupies the same position in the City of London as the Pope in Rome, and that the sword and mace are religious emblems. But, no matter how hazy their opinion, they are unanimous in thinking the Lord Mayor more interesting than any crowned head, simply because there is a mystery about the power he wields. Let us hope nobody will enlighten them and give the show away.

* * *

Strengthening "L'Entente"

The gratifying part of the visit of the City Fathers is that it helps to strengthen the bonds between the two sister countries. M. Bellan, the popular Syndic of the Paris Municipal Council, grows quite enthusiastic when he launches out on that subject. "It was a glorious scheme," he will tell you, "for the Lord Mayor to have come to our capital. You have no idea what a happy influence these demonstrations have on commerce. Our trade with England has never been as prosperous as at the present time, and the figures of passenger traffic between France and England show an increase that speaks volumes." And M. Bellan, whose son married an English girl, rubs his hands with delight, and tells us that next year will have some more surprises of the *entente cordiale* in store for us.

Photo *Berger*

An Enlightened Turkish Prince: H.I.H. Prince Sabaheddine

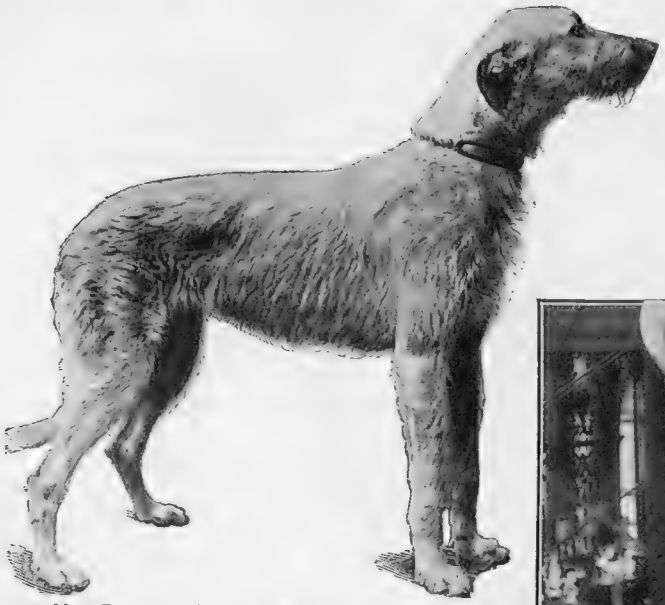
Prince Sabaheddine has resided for several years in Paris, where he has controlled the educational and progressive forces which are slowly, but surely, undermining the despotic and unjust present-day *régime* in Turkey

* * *

Stale Bread in Paris!

The Sunday Closing Bill has a few unpleasant surprises for the Parisians, the worst, perhaps, that henceforth *horribile dictu*, they will be compelled to eat stale bread once a week, *i.e.* on Mondays, when the bakers rest from their labours. There is no city in the world where so much bread is consumed as in Paris. It is estimated that every inhabitant eats 1lb. a day on the average. In England, where meat forms the staple food, the consumption of bread is considerably less. Even in past centuries the French—especially Parisians—had a horror of stale bread. And, as in those days people manufactured their own bread, they had a curious way of making it palatable. Strange as it may seem, the bread they prepared—huge round or square slabs—was used as a dish on which the meat was carved, and bore the name of *tranchoirs*, or *tailloirs*. The juice of the meat having penetrated into the bread imparted a pleasant taste, and prevented it from becoming dry. But, as at that period the lower classes hardly or ever tasted meat, the *tranchoirs* were only found in the houses of the rich. On coronation days large mountains of them were piled in one of the halls of the King's palace, and afterwards distributed to the poor. When Louis XII. was crowned, fifteen thousand of these bread slabs, "soaked in gravy," were given away, and, according to an historian, caused bloodshed among the crowd that waited for them. Possibly, compelled by circumstances, Parisians may take to them again, for they have a horror of stale bread. The journeymen bakers, who refuse to help their fellow-townsmen out of the difficulty, are anything but popular.

The Kennel Club Dog Show:



Mrs. P. Shewell's Irish Wolfhound: Champion "Cotswold"
First Prize in Open Class

Mrs. Crosfield's Schipperke: Champion "Esme of Greta"
First Prize in Open Class

Mrs. Lloyd "Royal Y
First Prize i

Dr. C. C. Garfit's Bloodhound: Champion "Hengist"
First Prize in Open Class

Photo

General view of the Dog Show at the Cr

The Crystal Palace resounded last week with the barks and yelps of members of the canine Bloodhounds and St. Bernards. The King exhibited his Basset-hound "Sandringham Fo her Borzoi "Vassilka," and her Chow "Sandringham Loo Choo." Probably the most valu won more than £6

Mr. H. R. Cooke's Flat Retriever: Champion "High Legh Blarney"
First Prize in Open Class

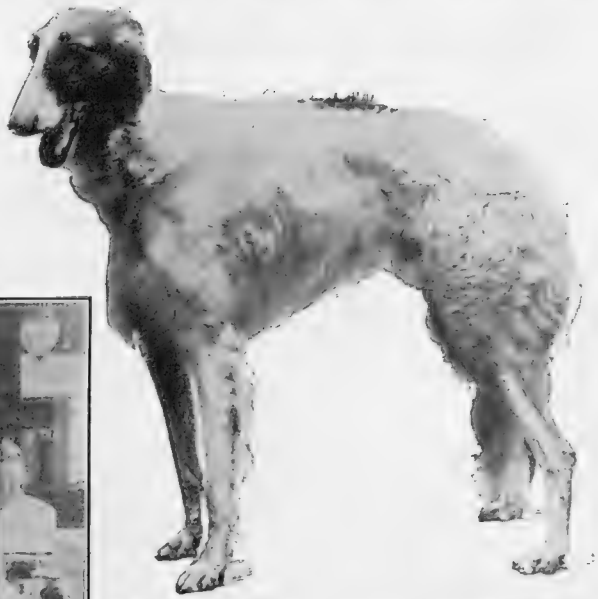
Mr. C. Woodhead's Dachshund: "Brandesburton Mimosa"
First Prize in Open Class

Mrs. E. Waterlow's Champion "Nuthurs
First Prize in Ope

Champions at the Crystal Palace

Japanese:
Hito"
pen Class

Miss E. Cheave's Skye-Terrier: Champion "Wolverley Chummir"
First Prize in Open Class



Mrs. Aitchison's Borzoi: Champion "Strawberry King"
First Prize in Open Class

stal Palace, showing judging rings *Russell*

world of all shapes and sizes, from the tiniest "Toy" to the grave and stately
s," while Queen Alexandra showed her Basset-hound "Sandringham Dido,"
e dog in the Show was Mrs. Waterlow's "Nuthurst Doctor," which has already
o in prizes

Messrs. Scott and Kostin's St. Bernard (Smooth): Champion "The Viking"
First Prize in Open Class

Bulldog:
t Doctor"
n Class

Mrs. V. Nicolas's Pomeranian: "The Sable Mite"
First Prize in Open Class

Mrs. V. Nicolas's Newfoundland: Champion "Shelton Viking"
First Prize in Open Class

The Connoisseur

Jean-Baptiste Greuze

It is just one hundred years since this graceful, sentimental, and, in his lesser-known portraits of men, virile painter died in neglect and indigence. He was born near Mâcon in 1725, and, although living into the nineteenth century, was French of the eighteenth in all he did. His Académie Royale picture of "The Emperor Severus Reproaching Caracalla" was intended to be a classic work which should raise him high above the position of a successful painter of sentimental scenes from the life of the lower *bourgeoisie*. But the result was a bitter disappointment to him, for he found himself selected as *peintre de genre*. This was in 1769; and this lack of appreciation so disgusted the artist that he exhibited no further at the *Salon* until 1800, a period when his reputation was almost lost. If the early years of the last century were unkind to him, those of the twentieth seem anxious to make reparation, for at the present

"Girl with Folded Hands"

Photographed from the original painting by Greuze

time his pictures bring large figures whenever they are on the market, and all the famous public galleries of Europe and most of the large private collections contain examples from his prolific brush. But it is not works such as the "Severus" or the "Malédiction Paternelle"—now in the Louvre—for which the collectors seek, but rather the single heads and beautiful slight figures of young girls, of which he painted an enormous number with infinite skill and grace and cleverness. We think the de Goncourts first pointed out with what fine cunning he mingled all the charm and simplicity of youth with the voluptuousness of a later maturity in these sentimentally named works. Whatever the cause, these pictures of his are the most sought and most enjoyed. Now that the taste for this painter's work is increasing, Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl has had the happy thought of publishing a Greuze

"The Sulky Boy."

Photographed from the original painting by Greuze

portfolio of coloured reproductions by his remarkable process, known as *facsimile aquarelle*. These plates are printed on satin with most successful results. The soft contours, the delicate colouring, the very sentimental, yet seductive, quality of Greuze is admirably suited to this material. The reproduction of the famous "Girl with Dead Canary," which one knows so well at the Wallace, is every bit as charming as the original, and far easier to possess. Others from this collection in the portfolio are the "Listening Girl," and the popular "Espièglerie," and the well-known "Sophie Arnould." From other galleries are taken "The Dairymaid," "The Broken Pitcher," "The Girl with Folded Hands," and some other pictures of children treated after the same effective fashion. To all who would possess reproductions of the most characteristic examples of this particular side of Greuze's work, we can think of no more delightful and engaging collection than Mr. Hanfstaengl's cleverly produced portfolio.

E. M.

Worldly Short Story No. 46

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF ODETTE

By MARY LOVETT CAMERON

Author of "A Rebel"

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

It was under the bellasombra tree that Odette stepped into my life, a dainty, coquettish little figure, quite out of keeping with the ancient mauresque building, whose high walls and shadowy arcades surrounded us.

Detained at the Spanish seaport of La Puerta by circumstances which have nothing to do with this story, I sought the common refuge of unprotected females in that country, and transferred myself from the racket of the casual hotel to the calm shelter of a convent. I was directed to one where the inmates kept a girls' school, and possessed a spare room or two which they were ready to let to ladies in need of temporary shelter. The building, like many others in Southern Spain, had once been the dwelling of a wealthy Moor, and the signs of past magnificence contrasted strangely with the simple requirements of its present inhabitants. I passed from the street, under a deep vaulted gateway, into a large courtyard surrounded by a colonnade of slender marble figures supporting horse-shoe arches outlined by delicate tracery. Giving on this court or *patio* were spacious halls, now used as class-rooms and dormitories, and in the place of swarthy and turbanned Moors, slight girlish figures and white-capped nuns flitted to and fro over the pavement of many-coloured tiles. To reach my room I went through a second archway leading to an inner court, at the end of which was a secluded pavilion, in which, of old, the ladies of the Moorish household were confined. Here the relics of bygone luxury were even more apparent than in the outer *patio*. The cage in which the old Moor kept his women-kind was at least well gilded. Cedar-wood ceilings, elaborately carved, still bore traces of delicate colour and rich gilding, iridescent tiles lined the walls, and the windows looked on a garden planted with caruba and bellasombra trees, whose deep shade made a cool retreat, even at noonday. Masses of scarlet cactus and geranium glowed from the dark-green background, and the high encircling walls were clothed with clusters of flowering creepers. On one side, under a sculptured canopy, a flight of shallow steps led to the marble baths, into which water trickled from a carved spout with a cool, refreshing sound. Reclining in a rocking-chair amidst these surroundings, I felt as if transported to another age, and could hardly believe that an hour or two previously I had been in the commonplace *salon* of a seaport hotel, with advertisements of Transatlantic liners and circular tours staring at me from the walls.

The day after my arrival, the Sister who waited on me volunteered the information that among their boarders was a young lady who spoke French, and who would be very happy to make my acquaintance. As my knowledge of Spanish was limited, and as I was feeling somewhat lonely and bored, I hailed the proposal with satisfaction, and thereupon Odette appeared. Odette came to me framed in the twisted arms of the great tree, and thus abruptly, and without the slightest intention on my part, I became an actor in a drama, which, for being brief and episodic, was none the less stirring and eventful while it lasted.

My interest was excited from the first moment that my eyes fell on her. She was a little person I should have expected to meet on a Parisian boulevard rather than in an old Spanish convent. Possibly my imagination was stimulated by the unusual surroundings in which I found myself, and prepared me to find romance in my path. Certain it is, that I became immediately possessed with a vehement desire to find out what caprice of Fate had fixed her in so incongruous a setting. Her vivacious manner had none of the languor of the Andalusians of La Puerta, and the natty touches by which she made her plain black frock give the impression of a careful toilette could only have been given by a Frenchwoman's fingers. My curiosity was not destined to remain unsatisfied. I experienced little difficulty in giving the conversation a personal turn.

Odette was enchanted to find a patient listener to her prattle, and I was soon made aware of how tired she was of the convent, how the other girls were little girls, while she, Odette, was past eighteen, how *maman* always promised to come and take her away, but never came.

"And where is your mother?" I asked.

"In France. *Maman* is French. My father was a Spaniard, but he is dead. *Maman* put me in the convent two years ago, and went to France to see her friends, and has remained ever since in Paris or Nice, or sailing in the Mediterranean in the yacht of one of *ces messieurs*. It is very dull for me, is it not, madame, to be shut up here, when I might be having such a lively, amusing life with *maman*?"

I admitted that it was so.

"I cried very much, and *m'ennuyais horriblement* at first, but now something has happened which will make things different. Perhaps the Sister has told you." Odette smiled a knowing and mysterious little smile.

"Indeed, she has told me nothing."

"Well, I will, then; it is no secret. I have had a proposal of marriage. A young man of this town, Don Ramon de la Vega, loves me."

"Do tell me about it," I cried; I am absurdly romantic, and a love affair rouses my sympathy at

Another Worldly Story Next Week

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once. "*How* could you manage to annex a lover in a convent?"

"I am sometimes invited out, and I met him at the house of some friends. We met there several times, and then——" Odette hesitated, but encouraged, I presume, by my benevolent aspect, in a burst of confidence: "There is a little grated window in the tool-house, away yonder in the far corner of the garden, it is only about a foot square, but it is large enough." And Odette laughed a childish laugh of mischief and triumph.

"Ah! I have heard of the Spanish custom. *Peleando la pava* they call it. So even in a convent love finds a way, and you and Don Ramon made love through the grating of the tool-house window."

"*C'est ça.*"

"But you say it is no secret. Did the nuns discover your rendezvous, and were they very shocked?"

"No, it was Ramon who, a week or two ago, plucked up courage to tell the Superior he wished to marry me."

"And she?"

"Oh! *la* Madre Angela is very kind. She called me to her and questioned me, and then told me that as I had no religious vocation—ah! no, *bien sûr*, I have not—it would be a good marriage, for she had made inquiries through Don Gregorio, the confessor of the convent, and found that Ramon is a good, respectable young man, and though not rich, he is in a position to marry."

Odette pursed her pretty red lips, and looked very prim as she repeated the Superior's words.

"She wrote to *maman*," she continued, "and *maman* wrote giving her consent, but excusing herself from coming to arrange the marriage, as the Superior had desired, because she has very pressing business at Monte Carlo just now."

I agreed with the Superior that a speedy marriage was most desirable for the daughter of this very frisky widow. Suddenly, with a little imploring air, which, no doubt, Don Ramon had found irresistible, Odette cried: "There is music on the Alameda this evening. Could we not go together? The Superior will let me go, I know, if you ask her." I agreed, and an hour or two later we left the convent, and wended our way to the promenade, or Alameda, beside the sea, where the citizens took the air in the evening. Between the branches of the great acacia and palm trees, the dark blue waters of the Mediterranean stretched, meeting the arching sky far away in a mist of golden haze. As we emerged from the narrow streets, Odette grasped my arm with a sudden movement.

"Look, oh, look! A yacht."

It was so, amidst the feluchas, the Spanish tugs and fishing boats at anchor in the bay, the tall masts and graceful hull of a yacht stood out.

"Monsieur Maxime's yacht." The words escaped her in a murmur.

"And who is Monsieur Maxime?"

"A friend of *maman*. Monsieur Maxime de la Roche. He used to come here on his yacht before *maman* went away."

I felt vaguely that the plot was thickening,

We walked on.

Then, moved by the same impulse of confidence which had inspired her throughout our short acquaintance, Odette said, half in a whisper but very distinctly: "The day before *maman* sent me to the convent M. Maxime found me alone crying, for I did not want to be left behind, and he—he comforted me, and he said that he would come one day when I was grown up, to carry me away—and he has come."

And all at once I realised that I was just at the very knot and crisis of the love affair of Odette.

We reached the spot where the band was in the habit of playing. Under the trees here, thickly planted round a square open space, groups of chairs were scattered. Odette and I seated ourselves a little apart from the throng, on the edge of the deep shadow cast by the spreading branches of a great tree. Lamps were lit around the band-stand, and they shot rays of yellow light athwart the fading twilight. It was soon evident that our arrival was not unobserved. A young man approached us, and, stopping a few paces away, seemed to await our notice. In the stream of lamplight his figure stood out clearly, while, perhaps, only a lover's quick eye would have recognised us in our shady nook. This must be Don Ramon, and swiftly I divined that Odette had drawn a prize in the great lottery. He was not only handsome, there was also force and character in his firm lips and broad brow, and honesty in his clear earnest gaze.

I turned to Odette:—"If that is Don Ramon, you can sign to him to join us. With me as a chaperon, there can be no objection."

She started. One would have said she had not recognised her lover. Her eyes were fixed far away beyond the crowd of shadowy figures moving round the band. However, she made a little gesture with her hand, and Don Ramon drew near and was presented to me. Soon we were chatting friendlily, and my first impression deepened. His manner was charming, his remarks witty without flippancy, and there was a boyish frankness in the open way he showed his devotion to Odette which won my heart. She was strangely silent, his eyes sought hers inquiringly; and, suddenly rousing herself, she asked him to find out the name of a waltz the band was playing. He left us for a minute. Leaning towards her, I was about to tell her how well Don Ramon pleased me, when I became aware of someone standing in the deep shadow a few paces behind our chairs. He moved away, and, passing into the lamplight, I saw a tall man, dressed with the scrupulous care of a French dandy, his pale, determined face worn with the life of the Boulevards and Casinos, a mocking smile on his thin lips. I needed no one to tell me his name. This, then, was Monsieur Maxime. And now began one of the most trying hours of my life. Don Ramon returned and took his place beside us again, and the Frenchman drew back into the shadow. Ramon's eyes were fixed on his little *fiancée*, he seemed a little puzzled by her manner, and strove, with a mixture of tenderness and gaiety, to rouse her from the silent abstraction in which she was plunged.

And all the time, close to us, wrapped in the dark shadow, stood the figure with the sneering smile, motionless, biding his time. With a sudden effort, Odette roused herself, and began to chatter with feverish animation, but the little hand grasping her fan trembled as if an ague had seized her, and presently turning her face away from Ramon towards me, I saw her eyes were brimming over with tears, and two great drops escaped and ran down her cheeks as I looked. She dashed them away with the back of her hand, and began to fan herself vigorously, but I felt the situation had become intolerable. I got up.

"We must go back to the convent. It is late."

Ramon pulled out his watch and begged for another half-hour. But Odette objected. She was tired, she said, and the Superior would not let her come again if we were late.

We walked towards home, Ramon beside us—and the other following a few paces behind.

Now a fresh terror seized me. Suppose Ramon

(*Continued on page 180*)

Appearing at the Criterion

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Ethel Matthews, who is playing the part of Lady Mabel Wriothesley in "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion

Though most of the friends of Sir Hubert Pennefeather, the "Amateur Socialist," humour him in his various "quips and cranks," Lady Mabel Wriothesley looks upon him as a dangerous lunatic

(*Continued from page 178*)

perceived the stranger—I knew what a Spaniard would do. While with us he would give no sign, but once we were within the convent gates he would pick a quarrel on no matter what subject, and the drama might easily end in a tragedy.

Ramon was leaning over Odette, speaking earnestly in her ear; they were absorbed for the moment in each other. I let my purse slip from my hand, stopped, suddenly turned back, and was face to face with Monsieur Maxime. I looked full in his cold blue eyes. "If you are a gentleman and a man of honour, leave us. You compromise this young girl. Will you risk a public scandal?"

He was so surprised, so taken aback, at my sudden attack, that, with a muttered apology, he turned away. I caught up the others who had stopped, surprised at not finding me beside them.

"I dropped my purse. Let us hurry on." I took Odette's arm and almost dragged her forward. She seemed to understand, and soon we were before the heavy cavernous gateway of the convent.

Ramon's good-nights were mingled with requests to me to bring Odette out the following evening. Hastily, I promised anything—everything, and at last the great gates closed behind us.

Never before had I felt so glad that men were excluded from the precincts of convents.

"Will you come to my room and let us have a little talk?" I felt the girl wanted a firm hand to support her at this critical moment.

"I think not," she said softly. "Madame will excuse me, I have much to think about to-night."

I had no right to insist, and I watched the fragile little figure flit away down the long vaulted corridor with a foreboding of disaster.

What malicious fate had brought this cynical world-hardened man here, just at this crisis? Would he stay his hand, or did it enter his ideas of egoistic pleasure to entrap the poor little butterfly, break its wings, and then cast it away to flutter crushed and maimed to earth? I resolved to use all my efforts to foil his designs, if such they were, and I went to bed with the purpose of asking for an interview with the Superior the first thing next morning, and concerting with her the means for ridding La Puerta of Monsieur Maxime de la Roche's presence.

But when the Sister came to call me next morning, she brought me a letter. It was from Odette, and only said, "You have been very kind, read this."

The enclosure was a long letter beginning, "*Ma petite fée bien aimée,*" and signed "Maxime." As I read, I learnt that it was the discovery that he was making love to the then sixteen-year-old girl that led *maman* to decide hastily to leave her in the convent. The writer enlarged on the distress the separation had caused him, and declared he could never bear to see her married to another. Then came a witty and cruel picture of life in a dull little Spanish town with a jealous, narrow-minded husband, its limitations and its absurdities; and, on the other hand, a glowing picture of the existence of fêtes and toilettes, balls and theatres, which he could offer her. Paris and the Riviera, contrasted with La Puerta. The fashionable world against a jog-trot provincial seaport. He ended by assuring her of his life-long devotion, and stating that a boat would lie by the jetty all day on the look-out for her, and pull off at once to the yacht at whatever moment she could escape to join it.

With a mental malediction on the unscrupulous master of the yacht, I instinctively looked out of the window, towards where, between the trees of the garden, I could see the graceful craft lying at anchor.

The letter gave me an unpleasant shock. I instantly perceived that it must have passed from Monsieur Maxime to Odette under my very nose the previous evening, and it was humiliating to have thus been his catspaw in the adventure. I also saw that, though the rules of the convent had so far prevented him from corresponding with the girl, she had managed to write and post letters to him without the knowledge of her guardians. Naughty little Odette. Yet I could not bring myself to condemn her utterly. Brought up, as she had probably been, amidst the cohort of her foolish mother's admirers, and then suddenly plunged into the monotonous life of the convent, it was no wonder that she had yielded to the temptation of varying life by writing to one who, at any rate, made believe to care for her. I guessed at the probability of a dual nature in the child, one simple and loving, drawing her towards a quiet life with her young lover, the other restless and capricious, dazzled by memories of her mother's existence of dissipation and intrigue. In any case, by showing me the letter she gave me the right to use all my influence to save her from the abyss which Monsieur Maxime's letter opened before her inexperienced steps.

I rang for the Sister, and begged her to send Odette to me at once.

"She has gone out."

"Out! How? With whom?"

"When Sister Teresa goes out to market, she often takes Odette with her. It amuses her, and is a little change for the child," was the calm reply.

While she was speaking, I turned to the window, and as I looked the yacht set sail, and, curtseying to the waves, flew forward, shaking out its plumage to the breeze, swifter and swifter out of the bay, towards the blue line of the horizon.

I leant my head on my hand, crushed by the sense of my impotence to control the course which Odette's love affair had taken. Short as was our acquaintance, the lonely child had drawn me to her, and it was with real anguish that I reflected on the shipwreck of her young life.

An hour passed, and I began to wonder that no one came to inform me of her disappearance. It was impossible that she should not be missed, when Sister Teresa returned from market. I still held Monsieur Maxime's letter in my hand; would it be my duty to make it public? A knock at my door. I hastily concealed the tell-tale paper, resolving to be guided by circumstances.

The door opened, and instead of the veiled head and quiet face of Sister Monica, Odette, flushed and bright-eyed, walked in!

I seized her in my arms and kissed her.

"You naughty child! What a fright you have given me!"

"Ah! You saw the yacht sail away. Dear Madame, I did not go in her, for I love Ramon. Last night, as we sat under the trees, it came to me, and I knew that I loved him, and not all the pleasures that Monsieur Maxime offers me could make up for losing him."

"But, Odette, you rash and foolish child, why risk so much? Why bring that man here; why endanger all your happiness for a caprice?"

Then, with a wicked little shrug and a toss of the saucy head: "I was not *quite* sure until I had seen Maxime again; and, besides, to marry Ramon just because he was the only one, to have no emotions, no excitement over my marriage, that seemed flat and dull. I wanted, just for once, to feel my heart beat as it did under the trees on the Alameda last night. Now I am content."

MARY CAMERON.

"Raffles," the Play that is Still Drawing

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as "Raffles," the debonair gentleman-burglar

Mr. Du Maurier plays the part with such delightful naturalness, that he has added largely to his already great popularity with the playgoing public

By Field, Stream, and Covert

The Progress of Cub-Hunting

For weeks the Master and his huntsman sighed for the rain which never came. All through September, and for some way into October, the ground was as dry as a bone. Meanwhile, cubbing was practically at a standstill in many countries. Now the land has been appreciably softened by the good downpours of the past fortnight; scent has improved, and hunt staffs are concentrating their whole energies in a tremendous effort to make good the time that has been cut to waste. Whether they will be successful in getting their young hounds into proper trim in time for regular hunting remains to be seen. But if you question the average huntsman on this point, he will leave you in no sort of doubt. "Fit? Of course we shall be fit. Young hounds are doing grand, and are well-nigh as steady as the old 'uns!" Thus spoke the scarlet-clad huntsman of one of our best South-country packs, when riding home after a good morning's work last week. I gathered that he wanted a lot more rain yet, but there was no mistaking his optimistic tone. Since the improvement in the going, hounds have had some sharp runs in the open; but, until a few keen frosts and gusty winds come to strip the hedges of their leaves, it is tempting Providence to tackle blind fences and choked ditches.

Photo Johnston and Hoffmann

Earl Poulett, who has taken over the Mastership of the Seavington Harriers

New kennels have been found for the pack at Hinton St. George, and exceptionally good sport is expected this season over the fine country in Dorset and Somerset

A Charming Exponent of Riding Astride

I am scarcely so venturesome as to enter upon a discussion regarding the merits of riding astride for ladies as opposed to the prevailing custom of side-saddle riding; but I think it will be generally admitted that Lady Castlereagh is a charming exponent of the former style. Our picture shows her, not, of course, as she rides to hounds in Leicestershire, but as she rides her hack in the privacy of her own country home. Nothing could look neater or more serviceable than the costume she wears; and if it came to a question of safety and common-sense, I fancy it would be long odds on the way she is dressed and the plain saddle as against the complicated garment known as the safety skirt, with a saddle encumbered with pommels and leaping head.

New Masters of Harriers

Among the new Masters of Harriers this season is Earl Poulett, who has taken over the control of the Seavington Harriers in Somerset. He has provided new kennels for the pack at Hinton St. George, and as the district is well stocked with stout hares, and the country is exceptionally fine, with flying fences and wide ditches, the young peer's first experience of the Mastership of hounds will, doubtless, be very pleasant. Evelyn, Countess of Craven has established a new pack of harriers this season, which will hunt the country surrounding Ashdown Park, Shrivenhem. Mr. J. L. Nickisson, whose hunters are so well known in the show-ring, is to act as Field Master of the newly formed pack, which number eighteen couples, and will go out three days a fortnight. Among the packs not on the list this season is that of which the Marchioness of Graham was Master last year. Since her marriage, Lady Graham has decided to give up these harriers as well as her otter-hounds, but the gap is being doubly filled in Suffolk. Mr. S. Hill-Wood, a gentleman well known in racing and other branches of sport, has started a new pack, called the Oakley Park Harriers, which will be kennelled at Oakley Park, Eye, Suffolk; while Mr. A. Sowler, formerly Joint-Master of the Tanat-side Harriers, has founded another new pack near to Stowmarket, these hounds being known as the East Suffolk Harriers. Hare-hunting and beagling is starting in most countries this week, and the prospects are very bright on the whole.

Have Fox-hunters a Grievance Against Harriers?

In the mind of the fox-hunter there too often exists a prejudice against harriers in the same country. "They are apt to disturb the foxes" is his contention, and he straightway votes them a nuisance all round. I think this grievance, however, is greatly exaggerated, and so long as the farmer is willing to tolerate the harriers over his land, I do not consider that those who enjoy another branch of hunting ought to place any unreasonable obstacles in the way. As a matter of fact, the old bias against hare-hunting is rapidly dying away, and there are few hunting districts in England and Ireland where foxhounds and harriers are not hunted amicably over the same country. The farmers like the harriers, lending them their support in spite of the damage which is often done by a pack repeatedly circling around one half-mile of country. And in these degenerate days, when many farmers find it impossible to follow the foxhounds, like their grandfathers did, they look to the harriers for their chief hunting fun. An instance of this is the warm welcome which has been given to a pack called the Peffard Farmers' Harriers, which are being hunted between Henley and Shillingford by Mr. Cecil Aldin. There is occasionally a landowner or shooting tenant who objects to these hounds crossing his land, but never any difficulty with the farmers; in fact, a good deal of the wire which existed in the district before

For Safety and Common Sense

Photo *Thirlwell*

Lady Castlereagh riding astride

Her ladyship is a charming exponent of the "astride" method of riding for ladies. In the privacy of her estate, at Windsor, she practises the mode, and, as the above photograph shows, with no absence of dignity and grace. Lady Castlereagh is a daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin

the start of the harriers has now been taken down and timber put in its place.

Ladies Who Are Masters of Harriers

The position and duties of the lady Master of Harriers are a great deal less exacting than those of the lady M.F.H., and several of the fair sex have achieved much success in this direction, notably, Mrs. Cheape, of Bentley Manor, Redditch. This lady, who is affectionately known as "The Squire" to the farmers of Worcestershire, with whom she is immensely popular, established the Bentley Harriers sixteen years ago, and has hunted them with rare enthusiasm entirely at her own expense. Not only has she shown good sport, but she has brought her hounds to such a standard of excellence that they are acknowledged to be one of the finest packs of the kind in the kingdom. Lady Gifford is another lady M.H. who is as keen as can be to show sport. Her hounds are kennelled at the Old Park, Chichester, and she acts as their huntsman as well as Master. In Wales, Mrs. Pryse-Rice is the Master of the smart private pack of harriers which bear her name; while, in Ireland, Miss Isa McClintock hunts the Tynan and Armagh Harriers.

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

The mushroom harvest

Mushrooms this year have been particularly plentiful, and in many parts of the country large quantities have had to be destroyed for lack of purchasers

The Future of the Devon and Somerset

Those who hunt with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds — and in this category are included the hundreds who assemble on Cloutsham Ball and at other meets in the early autumn, and are gone from the West Country as soon as fox-hunting begins — will be glad to know that the question of a successor to Mr. R. A. Sanders is as good as settled. Young Mr. Stanley, who has shown his ability on the Quantock Hills, has offered to take the command of the premier pack, and the Committee have accepted him. All that remains is for the appointment to be ratified at the general meeting of the subscribers, which is to be held at Taunton one day next week, and I do not imagine that there will be any opposition to the excellent arrangement which the Committee recommends. Stag-hunting with these world-renowned hounds ended on the 15th inst. with a good day's sport from Cloutsham. Some thirty stags were brought to hand by the parent pack since August, but still the farmers complain of the damage which the red deer are doing to their property, and the work of keeping down the herds on Exmoor to a reasonable size is one of the most formidable difficulties which face Mr. Stanley. With youth and energy, and a perfect knowledge of the country to assist him, he is the very man to grapple with the problem, and the future of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds will be safe in his hands. A. W. C.

GARDENING NOTES

In the garden the season now drawing towards its close has been in many ways most remarkable. Scarcely any rain fell from the beginning of April to the end of September, and plants, unable to make much growth, rushed into flower long before their usual time. In most cases, the flowering stage was soon over, seeds ripened rapidly, and, unless the pods were promptly gathered, the ground around, after the first shower, was quickly carpeted with young plants, perennial as well as annual. I have never seen the Jerusalem artichoke in flower before. It belongs to the sunflower family, but in this country most rarely flowers. Yet some of my plants have been doing so profusely, and, growing where their roots can reach water some distance below the surface, have attained the extraordinary height of fifteen feet. On many trees the effect of the prolonged drought has been serious. Some which usually retain their leaves until the end of October, lost them completely, or nearly so, at the end of September, as the result, not of a lessened temperature, but of lack of moisture at the roots. The trees which have suffered most are beeches. Among them, at any rate, the losses are likely to be numerous. Any trees about which there is a doubt should be carefully watched in early spring, and if they show signs of breaking badly, some of the branches should be sacrificed in order to concentrate the sap in the remainder. It was most difficult to keep alive trees or shrubs planted last autumn, or, worse still, last spring. A thick mulch round them showed its value in early summer, but its effect could not last for ever, and where no relief was afforded to them they dropped out one by one. Of the survivors, the deciduous species are less injured than the evergreen, but neither made any progress. It was all they could do to hold their own, and few succeeded in doing even that. Fortunately, the heavy rain which has fallen since the beginning of October will help them as no amount of artificial watering could do, and, as the earth is still fairly warm, they may still form new roots which will carry them safely over the winter.

RUSTICUS.

In Bloom from May till Christmas

THE BEAUTIFUL "HERMOSA" ROSES AT BLYTHWOOD, ESSEX

A corner of the garden at Blythwood, showing the "Hermosa" rose bushes, surrounded by a lime walk

Sir James Blyth was one of the first to introduce the "Hermosa" rose into England, at his place at Blythwood Essex. The variety, which is known in France as "*tous les mois*" roses, is now to be seen in many properties, including Balmoral, Windsor, and Sandringham. The chief charm of the "Hermosa" rose is that it flowers continuously from May till close on Christmas

The Pergola, leading to the dairy, bordered by "Hermosa" rose bushes

The "Hermosa" blooms are of a pinkish red colour, and are particularly suitable for table decoration, especially as they flower so late in the year. They flourish best in a heavy loam soil, which should be well manured. Being very hardy plants they do not readily suffer from frost. It takes about one hundred plants to efficiently fill a bed of 25ft. by 6ft. wide, as they appear to the best advantage in masses

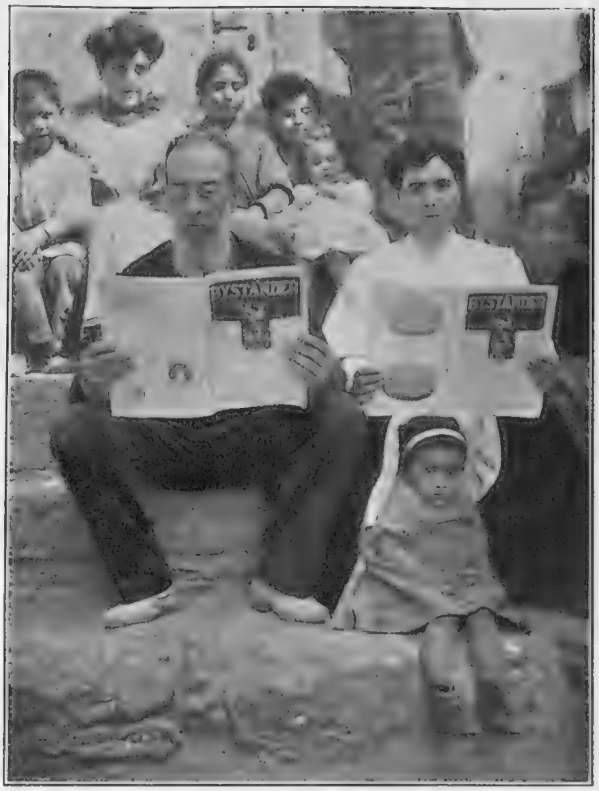
From Spain, Malta, and St. Helena

"BYSTANDER EVERYWHERE" COMPETITION (SEVENTH SERIES)

(*For Full Particulars see page* xii.)

"The Bystander" in St. Helena

Mr. S. Ward, "The Briars," Isle of St. Helena, says: "I am sending you a photograph of your interesting paper being read in St. Helena. The gentlemen in the picture are cable operators in the Eastern Telegraph Company. We have only one mail a month here, so we have to wait a good long time for our BYSTANDERS"



"The Bystander" in Spain

Sent by Mr. E. E. Barrow, c/o British Consulate General, Barcelona, Spain. He says: "The scene of this picture is a small village in Cataluña, near the foot of the Pyrenees. The villagers, who have to undertake a ten hours' journey by diligence to reach the nearest railway station, had never before seen a copy of the paper! They testified their appreciation, however, by immediately seizing the copies in our possession"

"The Bystander" in Malta

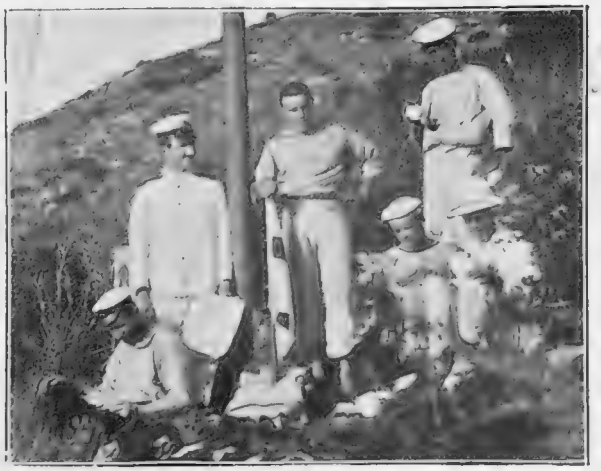
The sender, CAPTAIN APPLEYARD, R.G.A., Tigné, Malta, writes: "This ambulance wagon is used in Malta during the hot months to take the soldiers' children home after morning school which ends at noon, for at this time the sun is very powerful"

"The Bystander" in the Services

"BYSTANDER EVERYWHERE" COMPETITION (SEVENTH SERIES)

"The Bystander" in an Indian hospital

Miss A. T. WEIGHALL, Lady Superintendent, Lady Roberts' Home, Muree, Punjab, says: "This snapshot is of two officers outside the Lady Roberts' Home, where for some time they have been seriously ill"



"The Bystander" at target practice

Sent by Mr. BASTIN, of H.M.S. *Implacable*, Mediterranean Fleet, who says: "This photo shows a party landed from the *Implacable* on a small island in Greece for the purpose of signalling to the ship the result of her heavy gun firing. During a lull they are enjoying THE BYSTANDER"

"The Bystander" on the Pyramids

Sergt. W. H. HOLROYD, Army Pay Corps, Cairo, Egypt, writes: "I took this on the top of the Cheops Pyramid, the great pyramid of Ghizeh (450 feet high). The pyramid in the background is not so high from its base as the great pyramid, which covers 13 acres of ground. As the photo was taken in the heat of the day, the ascent, without guides, was not accomplished without some difficulty"

"The Bystander" with Royston's Horse

Lieut. A. Thompson, Royston's Horse, North Shepstone, Natal, South Africa, writes: "This was taken near Sigananda's stronghold, during the native rebellion in Natal and Zululand. The reader of the paper is an officer in Royston's Horse"

"The Bystander" on a submarine

Sent by Mr. J. S. PLACE, R.N., H.M.S. *Forth*. He says: "I think you will agree that this is a unique position for a reader of the paper to be taken in, for it represents the conning tower of a submarine, which, needless to say, at the time was above water"

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"The Life of the Empress Eugénie." By Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
"A Revolutionary Princess." By Christina Belgiojoso-Trivulzio. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Italy of the Italians." By Helen Zimmern (Pitman: 6*s.* net.)
"Sophy of Kravonia." By Anthony Hope. (Arrowsmith: 6*s.*)
"The Lady Evelyn." By Max Pemberton. (Hodder: 6*s.*)
"Hills and the Sea." By Hilaire Belloc. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Some Irish Yesterdays." By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans: 6*s.*)

The *Times* Book Club has been good enough to reduce the facts about the dispute to a nutshell. Accord ng to Mr. Moberly Bell—

> The only question at issue is whether the *Times* Book Club shall or shall not be allowed to sell second-hand net books before they are six months old. The *Times* maintains its right to sell *bona-fide* second-hand books when it likes, and at what price it likes.

Whether the *Times* are wise in thus simplifying the issue will remain to be seen. I should have thought it better tactics for them to have continued to pose as the champions of the authors and the public, in which case they might, as time went on, have induced a sort of superstitious belief in themselves. The plain facts, however, will scarcely gain the sympathy of the simplest intellect. The policy of the *Times*, thus revealed, is one of sheer mischief. They will defy the publishers. By the use of their funds, they will retaliate on their enemies by purchasing the books at whatever price they can get them (or by the bribery of those "rats" who are to be found in every ship, sinking or otherwise), and by selling them as "second-hand" whenever they please. This, they think, will punish the publishers. It is certainly a parry to the blow dealt them by the publishers' refusal to supply them with books direct. It shows fight, and it serves to impress on the public mind the fact that a "sort of war" is in progress. That it will avail in the long run, however, is improbable. The unfairness of the Club's claim to the right to resell new books, at second-hand prices, before they have had a chance of appealing to the world as "new" books at full prices, is manifest, and the British, as a nation of shopkeepers, with whom fair play in business is as sacred as fair play in anything else, will certainly not bite.

* * *

A touch of farce has been lent to the dispute by Mr. Hall Caine's alleged "experiment." The precise nature of the offer of a "6*s.* book at 2*s.* 6*d.*," to which he dramatically led up by three articles in the *Daily Mail*, has now been divulged. He will, if you please, offer to the public the *Bondman* play, now running at Drury Lane, in book form, at 2*s.* 6*d.*, and upon its success or otherwise will, he says, depend whether or no there is a public for cheap, as distinct from dear, fiction! A more blatant device for self-advertisement was never known. The book he offers is not a new novel at all, but a *réchauffé* of an old one, given present-day prominence by a Drury Lane play; it is, in size, considerably smaller than the average six-shilling novel; and, lastly, as its sale is artificially aided by the advertisement of the present dispute, whatever success it attains is no criterion whatever of the fate of an average novel published at a period when the public mind was otherwise occupied. That Mr. Hall Caine should avail himself of the present dispute to snatch a cheap advertisement is not surprising, of course. The only oddity is that any newspaper with average acumen should have allowed itself to be gulled into opening its columns to such charlatanism.

* * *

The task of recording the biography of a living Royal personage is not, as a rule, one which appeals to the imaginative mind. The obligation to be flattering, to avoid the suspicion of scandal, and to record, with conscientious zeal, the humdrum and the harmless, would weigh too heavily on the shoulders of most scribes. Exceptions, however, there must be, and were I doomed by a cynical Judge, as the price of some misdemeanour, to "biograph" a living Royalty, I should have elected the task just accomplished by Miss Jane T. Stoddart, and have attempted *The Life of the Empress Eugénie* (Hodder and Stoughton). The Second Empire was quite the most imaginative thing given us by the prosy old nineteenth century, and Eugenie de Montijo, Countess of Téba, Empress of the French, was about as near an approach to a Dumaesque heroine as its clumsy old brain managed to conceive. Eugénie is one of those Queens who succeeds in leaving, while life has lasted, an impression of flawless beauty and inexhaustible charm. From the days of the *coup d'état* of 1851, when the Man of Destiny, "dulled by dreams," succeeded in filching the throne of France, to those of the *débacle* of 1870-1, Eugénie enjoyed the proudest prominence among European women. Miss Stoddart tells the story of her rise to power, her joint tenancy of the throne, of her deposition therefrom, and of her subsequent period of exile and grief for the loss of her eldest son, the Prince Imperial, with considerable tact and narrative skill. Particularly vivid are her relations of the early meetings of Eugénie with Napoleon, of the encounters between the pair of Imperial "parvenus" and Queen Victoria and her Consort, and of the last great scene of the drama of the Second Empire, when the distraught and ailing Emperor was driven, helter-skelter, against his inclinations and his judgment alike, into war with Prussia. The only breath of "revelation" in the book is Miss Stoddart's whispered suggestion that the Empress herself was one of the prime movers in the suicidal venture of 1870. However, if such were her misdeed, amply has she suffered therefor by these last thirty-six years of exile.

A new volume of Irish stories from the vivacious joint pens of E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross, the famous authors of the "Experiences of an Irish R.M.," is always welcome, and *Some Irish Yesterdays* (Longman: 6*s.*) is quite up to standard. The stories, like their predecessors, are instinct with life and humour, and are told in a style which is at once restrained and roystering, a rare enough combination. Though mainly about sporting life in the Emerald Isle, and making a direct appeal to the sporting reader, so fresh and vivacious are the yarns, that they are as likely to appeal no less forcibly to the sedentary city reader, and that is saying a good deal. A word must be added in praise of the truly poetic sketches, which intersperse the pages, by Miss Œ. Somerville, particularly for the "A.B.C. of Fox-Hunting," which forms an appendix to the volume, and are fine specimens of this sort of pictorial humour.

* * *

The Tsar has, it seems, been honoured with a copy of Mr. E. Kay Robinson's *Religion of Nature*, and has tendered his best thanks for the same. Whether this is prophetic of good for the luckless Moujiks, I rather doubt, for the moral of Mr. Robinson's celebrated book was, in brief, that "animals do not feel pain," and perhaps the Tsar might take this as equally applicable to Russian peasants and—act accordingly.

* * *

Mr. Anthony Hope has returned to his native literary air, and given us in *Sophy of Kravonia* (Arrowsmith: 6*s.*) another story of derring-do of the Ruritanian brand. It is a little unfair to complain that there is a lack of freshness in the story, because we seem before to have met Sophy Grouch, the servant-maid *intriguante*, who forsook the kitchen for the Court, and by plots and counter-plots succeeded in becoming a Baroness, and taking part in romantic history-making, and that the Kravonian heroes are but Rupert, Colonel Sapt, Black Michael, and the rest of the Zenda and Hentzau gang with new names. You cannot expect every story of "Ruritania" to strike you with the force and freshness of "The Prisoner of Zenda," any more than you expect to be magnetised afresh each time you set foot in the same foreign country. You get to know your Ruritania as you get to know your Italy and your Switzerland. You know what to expect to see there, and whom to expect to meet, and it is foolish to look for the "first fine careless rapture" at every time of visiting. I am glad to find Mr. Hope once again at home abroad, and which is much better than being abroad at home, where he would, perhaps, be had he elected to revert to his "Dolly Dialogues" instead of to his "Zenda" style. Dolly is, I fear, dead—dead as "Dodo." Rupert, Michael, and Sapt, however, are alive and clanking.

Photo London Stereo Co.

Miss Braddon

Who is now celebrating her seventieth birthday

* * *

A very considerable service is done to Italy by Miss Helen Zimmern's *Italy and the Italians* (Pitman), and I hope the Peninsula will be duly pleased. Miss Zimmern claims to have written something quite new about Italy, and the claim, daring and impossible as it seems, is, I must say, justified. For she does nothing more nor less than tell us something definite about the Italy of to-day. She makes us forget that Italy ever had a past at all; bids us look at the Peninsula as the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel II., as the country of Gabriele d'Annunzio, of Elenora Duse, Lombroso, Marconi, Puccini, Mascagni—and who dare say how many other great names in the field of literature, science, and art. By that cant which makes it a test of culture that one should always be well-informed about the past, but ignorant of the present, the world has practically allowed itself to forget Italy's services to modern thought and action, and those who are anxious to make themselves acquainted with the vigorous life of the Peninsula should begin with a perusal of this delightfully useful and charmingly written volume. What it does not tell us about Italy A.D. 1906 is probably not worth the telling.

Photo Elliott and Fry

Mr. W. M. Rossetti

Whose "Reminiscences" will be issued in a few days

* * *

Those who liked Mr. Edgar Jepson's "Admirable Tinker," and his "Lady Noggs, Peeress," will, doubtless, like his *The Triumph of Tinker* (Hodder: 6*s.*), which treats of the further adventures of that enterprising youth about town. Those who did not like those books, however, will not like this one, and I may be so bold as to suggest that among these is to be included Mr. Edgar Jepson himself.

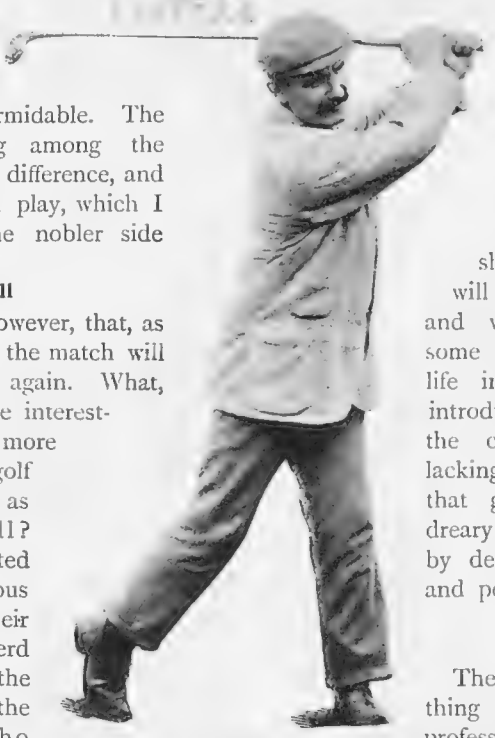
* *

There is a fine variety of episode in *The Lady Evelyn*, Mr. Max Pemberton's latest (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*). The story is one of a girl whose father is dogged by Roumanian gipsies seeking revenge on him for past treachery, and who, to "obleege" her parent, accepts the hand of one of his persecutors. Incidentally, she tries her luck on the stage with success, and Mr. Pemberton gives some interesting chapters on this phase of life. The narrative is smooth, and, perhaps, somewhat conventional.

Golf Notes and Notions

The "News of the World" Tournament

Hearty congratulations to Herd on his success in the recent *News of the World* Tournament at Hollinwell, where the course of the Notts Golf Club is situated. "Sandy" has not had a fair share of luck lately, but he has evidently lost none of his powers, for he had to put out some strong opponents, more particularly Harry Vardon, before he could claim the prize as his own. I have always had an impression that Herd is a steadier match player than scorer, and his play in recent years strongly confirms me in this opinion. He has, of course, won the Open Championship, but if he had been less brilliant and a great deal steadier, he would undoubtedly have taken a more prominent position on many other occasions than he has done. The scoring and match-playing temperament rarely go together, but when they do, as in Braid's or Taylor's case, the result is truly formidable. The present vogue for scoring among the professionals accentuates this difference, and has unduly depressed match play, which I have always considered the nobler side of golf.



A. Herd

The winner of the *News of the World* Tournament at Hollinwell

Play at Hollinwell

I venture to prophesy, however, that, as in the case of the foursome, the match will before long come by its own again. What, indeed, can possibly be more interesting, more stimulating, and more in the best interests of golf than such a tournament as took place at Hollinwell? Here you had the duly selected champions of the various sections fighting out their battle to a finish. If Herd won, yet the hero of the occasion was G. Duncan, the young Aberdonian, who defeated Braid in the first round and disposed of Taylor in the third, two members of the great triumvirate, and who only fell before Herd in his most brilliant mood. Herd, though not one of the triumvirate, has been aptly named "the fourth party." Duncan is quite young, only twenty-three, and has, therefore, a fine future before him. He is a terrific hitter, and I doubt if anyone, except Mr. "Ted" Blackwell, can hold him in this respect. One other young player similarly distinguished himself, to wit, C. H. Mayo, who is even younger than Duncan. He defeated Rowland Jones in the semi-final and lost to Herd in the final.

The Professionals' Dread

The success of these young players and the remarkable defeat of Taylor by young Arthur Mitchell, in the same tournament last year, make me wonder whether the opposition of the "great, wise, and eminent" among the professionals to the introduction of match play in the Open Championship can possibly be due to some haunting fear of meeting, and being beaten by, some quite young and comparatively unknown antagonist. So long as scoring rules supreme the "great, wise, and eminent" can always say that their defeat is due entirely to themselves and not to any particular adversary, but that soothing and consoling excuse would little avail them if they went down before the victorious onslaught of some Duncan, Mayo, or Mitchell.

A Rival to the Open Championship

Yet what better tonic for the great men, what finer incentive for the younger players, than the possibility of such results in a great competition? The *News of the World* Tournament has shown the way. It bids fair to overshadow in interest and importance the Open Championship itself. Let us hope that the Championship authorities and the professionals will note the signs of the times, and will, before it is too late, make some vigorous effort to infuse fresh life into the Open Championship by introducing the personal element into the competition, which is so entirely lacking in scoring, and without which that great golfing Olympiad is but a dreary procession of players, accompanied by devoted and wearied holders of cards and pencils.

The Fear of the Stymie

The fear of the "stymie" may have something to do with the attitude of the professionals. To all such as dislike the stymie, I would commend a perusal of an admirable defence of it in the *Field* of the 6th instant. The stymie is an integral part of the game, and gives scope for a most delicate and scientific shot. It does not, except on very rare occasions, present an insuperable difficulty to a player. It is also part of the luck of the game, which is ever present in golf, whether in scoring or match play. In a thirty-six holes' match, I do not believe that the stymie would prevent the superior player asserting himself any more than any other items of chance, such as bad lies, hazards, or rubs of the green, and I have always maintained that, if match play is made part of the Open Championship, each round of the concluding tournament should consist of thirty-six holes.

Ernest Lehmann

Games and Pastimes

The Corinthians' First Match

The Corinthians opened their season on Saturday with a match against Stockport County at Queen's, which they won quite easily (4—1), as Stockport, having a League match on as well, could only send their reserve team. Still, it was a very good game to watch and a pretty fast one, for the "pro." forwards were very speedy and combined well, except in front of goal. Here they were weak; but even so they deserved more goals than the one which they got, for there were several occasions on which they were kept out more by sheer luck than anything. As for the amateurs, if they had made the most of all the sitting chances they had, and if Molyneux had not been in his best form in goal, their score would have approached the region of double figures. But, except in the matter of shooting (in which they were good and bad by turns), the three inside men—S. S. Harris, G. S. Harris, and Day—played finely; so did Morgan-Owen at centre-half; some of his passes were quite lovely. Timmis showed his usual aptitude for turning up at the right place, and Witherington worked very hard, though his kicking was at times faulty. The prettiest goal of the match was the second—just after half-time—for Day, having dribbled close up to goal, might have shot, but the angle was rather an acute one, so he tipped the ball back to G. S. Harris, who was right in front, and had nothing to do but plant the ball quite quietly into the net. The last goal was also a pretty piece of work—all done by S. S. Harris.

The 'Varsities

The 'Varsity rugger teams also began operations on Saturday. Cambridge were supposed to have a soft thing against Richmond, but as it turned out, Richmond, playing much better than they have done hitherto, got as many tries as their visitors, and the difference in Cambridge's favour at the end was only that of a dropped goal. Oxford had a much harder job, for they had to face the redoubtable Scottish, admittedly the strongest, so far, of the Metropolitan teams. They came out of the ordeal with credit, for they were only beaten by a dropped goal and three tries to a goal and a try. Both their tries, however, were gained while the Scottish were temporarily short of a man, and one of their best men, too—E. D. Simson, to wit. The Cambridge Soccer team were to have played the London Caledonians, but the latter had a Cup-tie on, so Ilford filled the breach, and very capably too, for they gained a 6—1 victory. This looks rather bad for Cambridge prospects, but it must not be forgotten that Ilford are a very good side and are in full swing, whereas it was the Light Blues' trial trip.

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

Woolwich Arsenal v. Notts County at Plumstead: Ashcroft making one of his famous saves

Though the Arsenal is still head of the League they had a stiff match against Notts County on Saturday, whom they beat by one goal to nil. This they only scored in the last minute of the game

The New Rugby Game and the Old

If you want to spend an amusing afternoon, the thing to do is to go down to the Rectory Field and watch Blackheath trying to play the New Zealand game. In the first place, there is the wing forward, who (unfortunately for him) happens to possess a conscience, so that he has some scruples about collaring the opposing half-back as soon as he sees that the ball is going to him, and without waiting till he actually gets it. He cannot bring himself to act, as did the New Zealanders, upon the assumption that *any* opponent, whether he has the ball or not, may be obstructed except by hacking and tripping, for he has been taught all his life that the only man who may be interfered with is the man who has the ball. And, for this same reason, he refrains from deliberately shielding his own half-back while he is gathering the ball; so that the sphere of his usefulness is considerably curtailed. Then there are the seven forwards in the 2-3-2 formation. They can't (or won't) practice the little dodges at which their prototypes were such adepts, such as letting the other pack get their heads down first, and then disposing of their own heads in such a manner as to give themselves the best view of the ball when it is put in; and even when they get the ball the gentle art of "hooking" cleanly through the outstretched legs of the "lock" and so forth has still to be acquired by more constant practice than they are ever likely to be able to devote to it.

The Backs' Formation

Lastly, there are the backs. The New Zealand formation of two stand-off half-backs (or five-eighths, if you choose to call them so) and three three-quarters is a better arrangement, to my mind, than one stand-off half and four three-quarters, but for it to be successful it is essential that there should be appreciable intervals between the several lines, so that by the time the stand-off half gets the ball from the scrum-half he may be well on the move, and by the time the three-quarter gets it he is going positively at full gallop. This was what made the New Zealand attack so formidable. But we are so imbued with the theory that the backs must stand as near to their *vis-à-vis* as they dare (without getting off-side), so as to prevent *them* from getting away, that one sees the diverting spectacle of five-eighths and three-quarters standing almost in a row, and the result is that when a passing run is started, the way in which the ball is literally handed on from man to man reminds one of a gang of labourers unloading and stacking a cartload of bricks, and the amount of ground gained is but a few yards. Another drawback of this standing-close-up heresy is that, if the opponents don't pass and one of their number happens to break through, he has only the back ahead of him; the rest have to turn round and run after him.

Photo *Thiele*

M. Inman

Who recently established a new billiard record by scoring 300 entirely off the red ball, and a few days later made the highest break of his career—429

The South Africans' Good Example

Personally, I am rather glad that Blackheath's efforts to play the New Zealand game have not been successful, for I have always contended that New Zealand football is, in many respects, not Rugby Union football, and I prefer the latter, and don't want to see its traditions broken down more than they have been already. I am encouraged to think that my hopes will be realised by the success with which the South Africans have met. They play Rugby Union football of the kind that is taught in our public schools and at the 'Varsities, and since nothing succeeds like success, we shall soon all be trying to play the old game as well as, or better than, they do, instead of striving after the evolution of a new one which conflicts with our principles.

Hockey: The Four Half-Back Game is Discredited

It would appear, from recent experiences, that the four half-back game at hockey will not be heard of much more in the future. When it was first introduced, there was a great outcry against it, on the ground that it spoilt the game, which was, of course, absurd, for it is perfectly legitimate, and any team that thought it could do better by adopting this formation was quite at liberty to do so. But, as a matter of fact, though it is effective enough against a not particularly strong set of forwards, expert opinion now inclines to the view that it does not pay against real strength. Where the opposing forwards are fast and skilful enough to use their speed to advantage, it generally means something like an open goal for them if they can once beat the halves. It was, probably, the adoption of the four half-back formation by Hampstead which led to Wimbledon putting on no fewer than six goals against them a fortnight ago, and there is no doubt whatever that a good goalkeeper is worth far more to his side than the extra half. Unfortunately, good goalkeepers don't grow on every bush, and the position is quite the least attractive on the field, except to the few who have a peculiar *penchant* for being under fire and stopping red-hot shots. But in cases where a goalkeeper is not forthcoming, the three-back game will probably in future be more often practised than the four half-back

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A fine run by Cambridge in Saturday's closely fought match

Photo *M. Dixon and Co.*

A goal to Cambridge, which won the match by 18 points to 15

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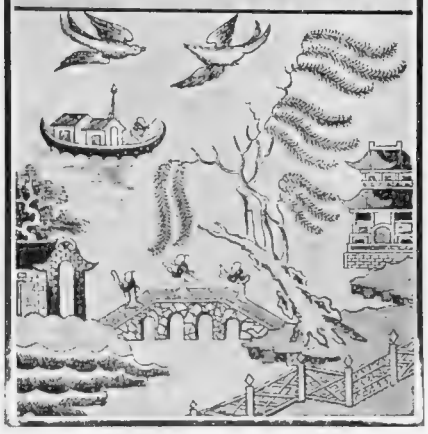

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Automobile Topics

By DOUGLAS MILLER

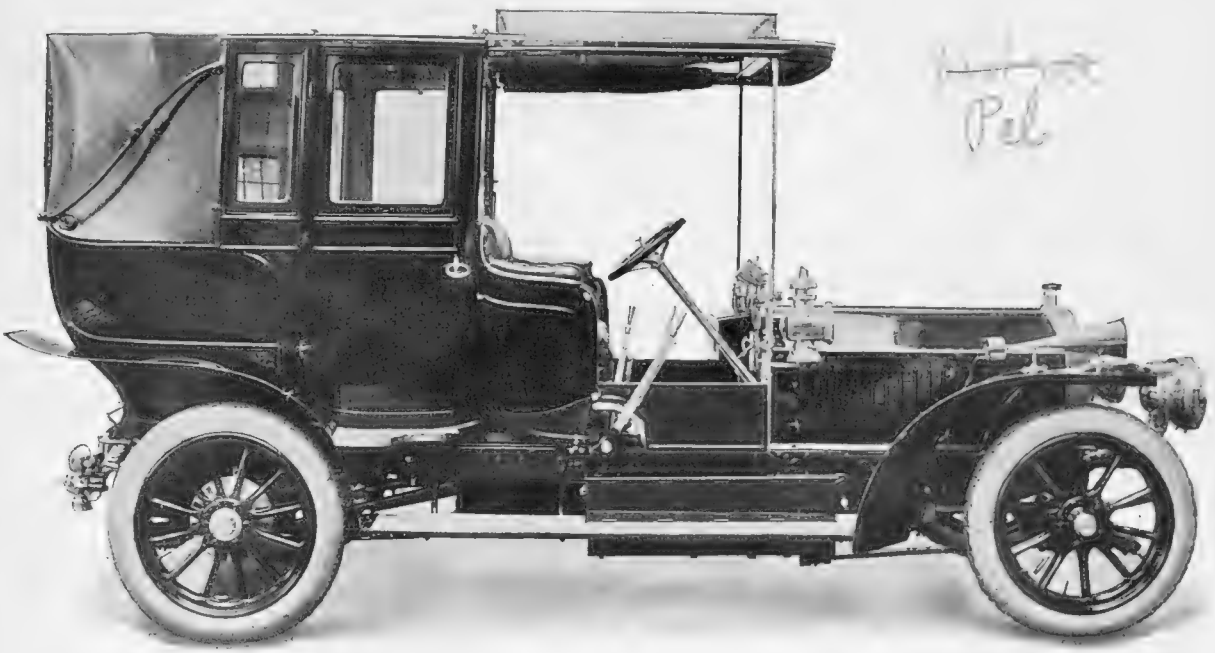
Cui Bono?

It has been claimed on all sides that the two days' race meeting held under the joint direction of the Blackpool and Fylde Automobile Club and the Blackpool Corporation were an unqualified success. One hundred thousand spectators witnessed the racing, two world's records were lowered, and the number of competing cars exceeded all previous musters. The weather certainly was unpropitious, as was to be expected at this late season of the year, but, despite that drawback, everything passed off without a hitch. Unquestionably, the organisers of the meeting are entitled to hearty congratulations upon having so ably conducted the proceedings, self-imposed though their duties were. From the point of view of THE BYSTANDER, it may quite reasonably be asked, however, for whose benefit was the meeting held? Were the principal beneficiaries the local tradespeople, the Lancashire charities, or the cosmopolitan concourse of competitors? In a word, are we to understand that the function was a commercial undertaking, or a purely sporting event? In no sense of captious criticism are these questions put; but, looking backward at the recent motor gatherings in the Isle of Man and at Blackpool, one is faced by the old query, *cui bono?*

* * *

For Trade Reasons

Many thousands of pounds have been expended by competitors who, in the great majority of cases, have made their disbursements with the sole idea of trade advantage, and it should be borne in mind that the purchasing public must ultimately reimburse the traders by continuing to pay present list prices, which, of course, in addition to cost of material, production, and distribution, are saddled with the heavy impost of the very expensive form of advertisement these competitions represent. Leaving the Tourist Trophy Race aside for the moment, it must be conceded that no lessons of practical value in the advancement of automobilism were afforded by the spectacle of touring cars flying over a mile or kilomètre at top speed, with chassis and bodies stripped to the point of nudity, and drivers and passengers crouching low, in most uncomfortable attitudes, to minimise wind resistance. It follows that such meetings as that at Blackpool must be regarded, firstly, as a most effective means of circulating money in the districts in which they are held; secondly, as a very expensive form of trade advertisement; and thirdly, as a doubtfully beneficent factor in popular education in motor matters. There remains the element of sporting contest, but, as those behind the scenes are aware, this is so infinitesimal as to call for no remark. As the matter is, therefore, one of monetary consideration, it seems only fair to ask why those who reap the benefit should not contribute to the cost? An effective means to this end would be the imposition of "gate" money and the return in cash prizes of some part of the large expenditure now demanded from the trade.



A six-cylinder 40 h.-p. chainless Napier landaulette, built by the Regent Carriage Company

Which won a first prize in the Town Carriage Trials last week. The cost of this car is £1,225, and its fittings include electric lamps, bells, and cigar-lighter, speedometer, and electric horn, while everything is uphostered in a most tasteful style

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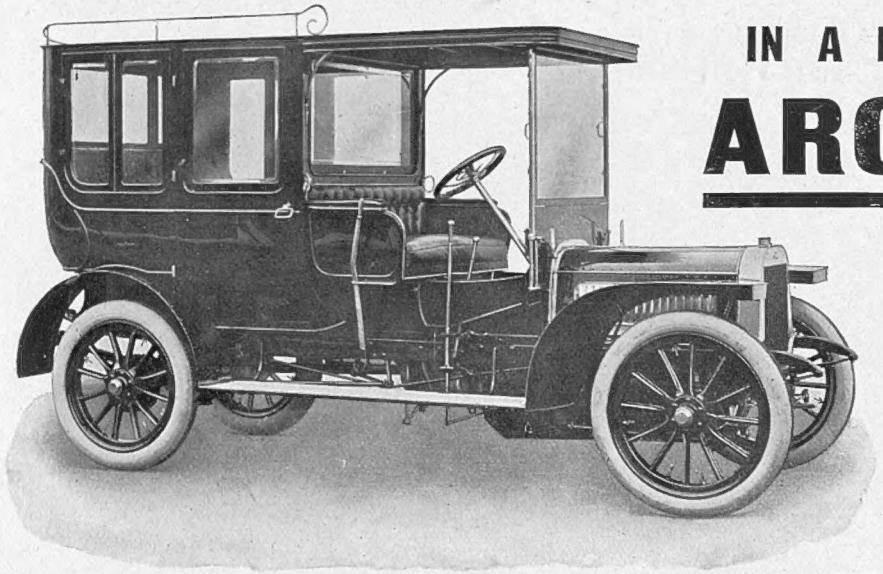

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Town Carriage Trials

Now that the touring season is over, the question of the best type of car for town work has been most appropriately broached by the Automobile Club. A competition extending over three days last week was held under the open rules of the A.C.G.B. and I., when over thirty examples of the best work the world can show were submitted to a very exhaustive examination at the hands of the experts of the Club Committee. The principal points taken into consideration were: general design of complete car, appearance and finish of carriage work, absence of smell and smoke, absence of leakage of lubricant, absence of noise and vibration, smoothness of running and comfort of passengers and ease of repair, cleaning, starting, stopping, and manœuvring in traffic. There were two classes: one for vehicles costing up to £600 complete and one for those of higher price. In the former, there were ten entries, including Argyll, Beeston-Humber, Spyker, Siddeley, Electric, Georges-Richard, Adams-Hewitt, and James and Browne examples of landaulette, brougham, hansom cab, mail phaeton, and limousine types. The feather-weight in the matter of price was the Adams-Hewitt 10 h.-p. mail phaeton, listed at £245, while the Spyker laudaulette and the Siddeley limousine were entered at £600 each. In Class B, some magnificent cars were on show. Top price, £1,225, was booked against a 40 h.-p. six-cylinder chainless Napier, with six-seated landaulette, built by the Regent Carriage Company. The fittings included electric lamps, bells, and cigar-lighter, a neat and effective system of conveying instructions to the driver, carriage clock, speedometer, and electric horn, and the upholstery was of most tasteful design. Another greatly admired car was the 16-20 h.-p. Argyll limousine, to seat six, priced at £850, with body-work by Mulliner. Four Electromobile landaulettes made an excellent impression, as did the double landaulette and electric Victoria entered by the Kreiger Company. After inspection, all the cars were driven under observation for some twenty miles through the West End, and in almost every case gave complete satisfaction. The awards, which will be made known at an early date, will be awaited with great interest, and should afford some instructive data regarding these useful classes of automobile.

* * *

Miscellanea

It has been decided by the British Motor-Boat Club to make a collection of lantern-slides depicting motor-boat events. The Secretary will be pleased to hear from any BYSTANDER readers who may possess photos of interest. Address, Craven Hotel, Strand, W.C.— Increase of business has necessitated the opening of a depôt for Continental Tyres at 183, Great Brunswick Street, Dublin.—At Blackpool, on revising the times, it was found that Mr. Huntley Walker had lowered the world's record over the standing mile for cars weighing under 650 kilos, his time being $54^{3}/_{5}$ sec., or $1\ ^{2}/_{5}$ sec. better than that of the previous record holder, Hanriot, on a Clement-Bayard.—Col. Mark Mayhew has been gazetted as Commanding Officer of the Army Motor Reserve.— One of the features of the Olympia Show this year will be the number of small-powered cars— from 8 to 12 h.-p., at prices ranging from £175 upwards.

Photo *Dixon*

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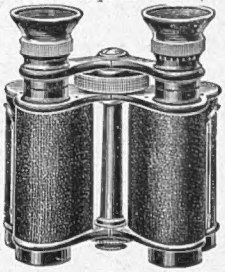

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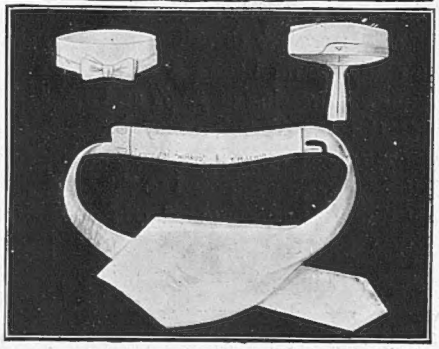

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FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The "Filleted" Coiffure

This sounds just a little fishy, does it not? But you must blame the inadequacy of the English language and not me; the word "fillet" applying equally to a boned fish and a ribbon threaded through the hair. And it is the latter, naturally, wherewith we have to do. One has only to recall the contour of the heads a short year back to appreciate the marked change that has come about. In lieu of hair swept up ruthlessly from the nape of the neck, eventually to tumble over the forehead, in what is known as the torpedo *toupée*, a far more natural adjustment is now provided, one that tends, however, to add somewhat to the size of the head, an effect that is enhanced by the above-mentioned fillet of ribbon, terminating just behind the right ear in a bow. In front, the eye again catches a glimpse of this ribbon as it passes over a front or side parting, to disappear for the nonce beneath lightly waved hair, thrown back from the face.

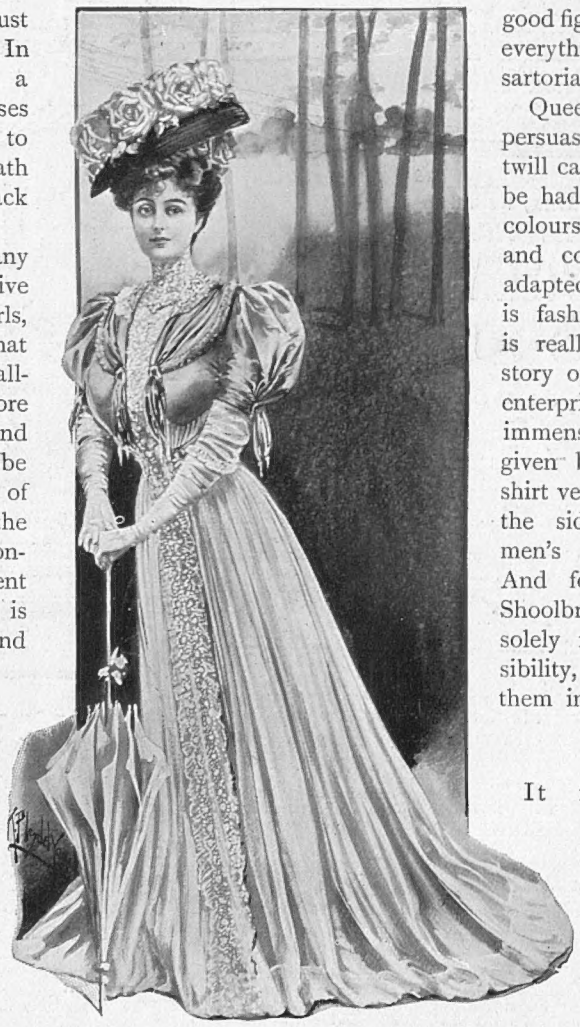
Nor have we, as yet, by any means exhausted the decorative possibilities of the cluster curls, certain more matronly heads that exact a less *negligée* dressing, falling a ready victim before a more pronounced dressing of *poufs* and curls. But the situation may be briefly summed up as an era of skilful *coiffures*, as opposed to the recent vogue of pronounced contour that was chiefly dependent on pads. The present form is infinitely the more artistic and pleasing.

The Song of the Shirt

Fashions come and go, but Shoolbred's tailor-made shirt goes on for ever. And, what is more, has every probability of continuing to do so for time immemorial. As a matter of fact, we cannot do without it; each season as it comes along brings forth some special reason for its further acceptance, the chief incentive of the moment being found in the smart tailor-made suit of frieze or homespun, the which positively insists upon the sympathetic alliance of a Shoolbred shirt.

It is impossible to improve perfection, so, with the exception of a slight alteration in the sleeve, the fulness at the wrist being laid in flat, stitched pleats, which afford at once a greater shapeliness to the arm, this shirt stands as it was, so far as cut and appearance go. On the other hand, a pleasant change has been wrought in the matter of fabrics gathered to the great cause. Our accompanying sketch discloses one of the greatest successes of the season, a Tattersall check, best Saxony flannel. Given the advantage of a really good figure, these checks epitomise everything that is smartest in the sartorial world.

Queen's Wear is another most persuasive material, a high-class twill cashmere flannel, which may be had in neat stripes or plain colours. An exceptionally warm and comfortable shirt, especially adapted to motoring and golfing, is fashioned of Silklaine. There is really no end, though, to the story of materials provided by the enterprising controller of this immense department, the impetus given by the ladies' tailor-made shirt very materially affecting, on the side of improvement, the men's trade in this particular. And for it all the house of Shoolbred stands wholly and solely responsible. The responsibility, however, does not alarm them in the least.



One of Miss Lilian Braithwaite's costumes in "The Amateur Socialist"
(Sketched at the Criterion Theatre by K. Pleydel Young)

Enamel Jewellery

It is frankly admitted that nothing has more appreciably affected the *bijouterie* of the century than the advance of enamel work. That this art has been brought to the fore under the best and most fastidious auspices has had much to do with its